

LIFE

PART I OF A NEW SERIES

THE FIRST WORLD WAR



British wounded,
Western Front,
May 1917

MARCH 13 • 1964 • 25¢



Only the G-E big-capacity washer has Mini-Basket for "handwashables"

This is a washer for all your washables. Large wash-basket gets big 12-lb. family loads truly clean. And MINI-BASKET* takes care of lacy slips, blouses, sweaters, all the "handwashables" you never dared machine-wash before.

MINI-BASKET fits neatly onto the Activator* inside the washer. It is part of the MINI-WASH* system, which has separate speeds and controls. Gentle

washing action for delicate things, normal action for little leftover loads of regular laundry. And it uses about one-fourth the water the big basket does.

General Electric's Filter-Flo* System makes everything come out fresh and clean. In both baskets, lint-fuzz is trapped in the filter, not on your clothes. See this remarkable washer now at your General Electric dealer's.



Don't touch this dirty oven...



Just set dials, latch the door...



It cleans itself electrically.

It's General Electric's exclusive P-7, the oven that cleans itself electrically. These three pictures show how the master oven of the new Americana* range does all your dirty work by itself. You don't use any cleanser. No liquids, no

pastes, no fumes. Just set dials, latch door. Crusted-on pie juices, cheese spillings, roast drippings—all disappear. Even in ridges and between coils, your P-7 oven turns out new-clean, every time. Model shown J-796.

GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**

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LESLIE BLANCHARD WITH INGER STEVENS, STAR OF "THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER," CLAIROL'S NEW WEDNESDAY-EVENING SERIES ON ABC-TV

A famous haircoloring artist tells why you should use a special colorfast shampoo if you color or lighten your hair

"The more beautiful your haircoloring, the more important it is to keep it beautiful," says Leslie Blanchard, Color Director for the fashionable Antoine Salon, Saks Fifth Avenue, and originator of many exciting haircoloring effects. "We use color to achieve the utmost in flattery for a woman—to play up her best features, and add life and elegance to the simplest styling.

"With haircoloring so important, naturally I like it to stay the way I design it—clear and fresh looking. I don't want to see it turn cloudy or change after a shampoo or two."

Mr. Blanchard explains how he handles this important shampoo

problem: "Now we have a very special answer in Clairol Shampoo. It's special because it's colorfast—that is, it won't change hair color."

Very different from other leading shampoos, the new colorfast shampoo by Clairol was specifically created for women who color or lighten their hair. In two unique formulas: Clairol Blue for all light delicate blonde shades of lightened and toned hair. Clairol Green for all red, brown and black shades of tints and lasting rinses. So you see, however you color your hair, one of these two is exactly right for you! Used by leading beauty salons everywhere. Now also available at fine cosmetic counters.



BLUE—For blondes and lightest tones GREEN—For red and lasting-rinse colors



"I miss you, too, Grandpa!"

Long Distance is such a good way to visit with those you love. You hear their voices...find out what they're doing...and feel so close. Calling is a fine idea...tonight or any night. Try it and see.



**BELL TELEPHONE
SYSTEM**

*Long Distance is the next
best thing to being there*

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EDITORS' NOTE

A New LIFE Series:
World War I

A war has many lives. It is present reality, sometimes the only reality, to the men and armies and nations that are fighting it. It ends (or at least wars always have), and it takes on many new lives in the memories of those who endured and survived it—the victors and the defeated, the wounded and the unmarked. The memories sharpen or fade, inspire or embitter, among those who were there; the young begin to encounter the stories and, presently, something that has taken on the dignity of history.

"This was a love battle . . ." wrote F. Scott Fitzgerald of World War I. "... All my beautiful lovely safe world blew itself up here with a great gust of high explosive love. . . ."

After it was over, the tanks and trenches and terrible killing were for many the overriding memory. But there also lingered a strain of idealism, even adventure, about the war. Then a great new war was fought, in part because of all that had been done and undone by World War I.

In 1964, 50 years after World War I began, the Marne, Ypres and Verdun may sound as remote as Gettysburg. But they are still haunting names, for good reason. LIFE's series of articles on World War I, beginning in this issue (page 42), seeks to evoke that war as it was, one of the experiences that has formed our age.

LIFE decided to illustrate the series entirely with contemporary paintings and photographs. To make the illustration as new and yet as authentic as possible, we undertook a long search. It was carried out by Associate Editor Jim Mills (who also wrote the article in this issue) and Paris Correspondent Ken Gouldthorpe. Between them over the past ten months they have traveled 30,000 miles, visited 40 museums and private collections in seven countries, culled through almost a million still photographs and miles of movie film and examined 3,000 paintings and sketches. Correspondents and stringers on five continents aided the search. In his hunt for photographs and paintings Mills toured the U.S., went from New York to London to Paris and from Berlin to Stuttgart to Munich, following leads between publishing company archives, government collections, private homes. At a publishing house in Berlin the elderly woman in charge of the picture collection would show him nothing until he had sat down with her for an hour over brandy. The wait was worth it: her collection turned out to be one of the best in Europe. One of Mills's biggest problems was sorting out the fakes. Most air combat photographs he found turned out to be paste-ups or clips from German war movies made in the 1930s and captioned by German publishers as authentic.

Looking for unpublished pictures, Gouldthorpe traveled from country to country, sometimes went for weeks before hitting pay dirt. In Rome Gouldthorpe gained entrance to the official World War I museum which had been closed and shuttered for more than 25 years. In the '30s, when the Axis was being formed, Mussolini had decided that a museum lauding Italian military prowess over Austro-German armies was not very friendly to Hitler and so he locked the building up. Now its dust-filled halls were littered with empty display cases—but on the walls were dozens of paintings. We copied 15 of them.



KEN GOULDTHORPE JIM MILLS

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New World of Loosening Alliances

What ever happened to that old gang of ours? We are thinking of the so-called free world, led by the U.S. and linked by alliances from Berlin to Bangkok against Communist aggression. The rest of the world was easily divided into two other thirds. One was the Communist bloc, bent on enlarging its realm by conquest or subversion. The other was the impotent but irritating "neutralist" world of India, Yugoslavia, Egypt, Indonesia, etc., which tried to stay out of the Cold War while exploiting it for nationalist purposes.

This simple picture of two or three years ago is now in smithereens. De Gaulle is the chief symbol of the change on the free world side. He declared Britain and the U.S. out of Europe; then he made friends with Red China; now he plans personal missions to Latin America and perhaps to Moscow to enlarge French trade and influence there.

Mao Tse-tung, the De Gaulle of the Communist world, tells visiting Frenchmen that Khrushchev is just as much his enemy as is the U.S. He also seduces Pakistan, once considered a stout U.S. ally in Asia, while Nehru the neutralist discovers he can count on U.S. support against China just as though he were an ally. Meanwhile the front pages erupt with daily crises in which the old good-guys vs. bad-guys lineup is conspicuous by its absence: Cyprus, Zanzibar, Tanganyika, Somaliland, etc.

Seeking a simple key to the bewildering new patterns, one is tempted to conclude that the Cold War is over. But Secretary Rusk denies this, and of course he is right. There is not even a true détente between Washington and Moscow. All the old Cold War fronts are still latent, as in Berlin, or smoldering, as in Cuba, or very hot, as in Vietnam.

"No one needs to tell us that the Communist menace is deadly serious," says Rusk. His new "flexibility" means only that different kinds of Communism call for different responses, for instance as between Cuba and Poland. Our first objective is still to check Communist expansion "whoever the Communists in question may be." Our military power to do this, nuclear and conventional, is greater than ever. The two-power age in which peace has been kept through mutual deterrence (U.S. and U.S.S.R.) is very far from over.

Why then do our alliances seem to be crumbling? Actually our most serious alliance, NATO, is not crumbling as far as its basic purpose is concerned. This purpose is to align the West militarily against Russia in case of a Judgment Day showdown, such as that over the Cuban missiles; De Gaulle was with us there and would be again. But Judgment Day no longer dominates the daily thoughts and policies of Western nations. NATO is now mainly a contingency plan, deflated by its own success. For the two-power nuclear stalemate is now stabilized—or the balance even tilted in our favor. Western nations have been gaining strength while Russia and China have not. NATO's members feel that they can afford to be more independent, and even ornery. Diplomacy has become a game that

any number can play. The key to the new pattern is unilateral behavior—i.e., seeking your own national interest without clearing it with your allies, even if the ally is a nuclear giant.

The Communist bloc is also in fragmentation—and the falling out among Communist dictators is more dangerous to them than the West's disarray is to us. "I prefer our problems to those of the Communist world," says Rusk. The loosening of our alliances dilutes U.S. political hegemony in the free world, but it is not necessarily dangerous to freedom nor need it mean the end of U.S. leadership.

How then should the U.S. behave in this new and more fluid atmosphere? We too have some national interests to further, no less than has France or Zanzibar; and there are lots of places where the average American would like to ease by unilateral action the pains and frustrations of a decade of "alliance diplomacy." In Vietnam the ghoulish pessimism of the French, plus a deteriorating war, has goaded Washington to reconsider the possibility of stepping up the war. It would also be a pleasure to respond more loftily and unilaterally to the pygmy insults of Castro, of Ghana, and even of the Athens crowd that burned L.B.J.'s pictures last week. What's Cyprus to us, or we to Cyprus?

There are, by Rusk's count, 30 or 40 countries currently in disputes with their neighbors which are, strictly speaking, none of our affair and are not Cold War disputes. Nevertheless, as a world power (and a founder of the U.N.) the U.S. cannot ignore these disputes or refuse to be helpful if asked. But if neither a direct U.S. interest nor the Cold War gives us a useful clue to these messy quarrels, what will? Clearly we need to remind ourselves of some general principles and governing aims of U.S. foreign policy.

Two such general principles are long established in U.S. tradition. The first is to make the world safe for democracy, not by imposing democracy anywhere nor by expecting savage Africans to master constitutional self-government in a generation, but by strengthening free governments and open societies. This includes a vigorous advocacy of rational and peaceful procedures in all international disputes, ours or others'. U.S. power can be properly deployed around Cyprus (with the Sixth Fleet) or Malaysia (with the Seventh Fleet) to prevent others from defying these peaceful procedures, and in these two cases it had better be. This purpose, which Rusk calls "building a decent world order" or "the common law of mankind," also justifies the inordinate amount of time the State Department spends on international conferences in and out of the U.N. Coral-ike, these conferences slowly but surely build the institutions of a future world order.

The second general principle of U.S. policy is economic: to promote open markets wherever we can, with more freedom for private investment and trade and some recognition of common honesty in business dealings. The purpose here is to raise the world's living standards by the means we know are the surest, and are also the likeliest, route to a world of free and open societies. The U.N. is about to call a World Conference on Trade and Development in which scores of underdeveloped countries will probably gang up on the handful of rich countries, demanding various economic favors. Such demands should be matched by U.S. demands for stricter agreements on the rules of multilateral trade and the safeguards that private traders and investors require to play their indispensable role in an expanding open market system. The East-West trade issue, which is part of the Cold War, should not be allowed to obscure this quite different and neglected goal of U.S. policy.

These two principles, political and economic, by no means exhaust the interests of U.S. foreign policy. From the Peace Corps to disarmament, our legitimate activities remain manifold and global. But the Cold War, though it remains our No. 1 problem, no longer explains all these activities; and the decline of "alliance diplomacy" gives us more freedom for maneuver. Let us use it to stand for the kind of world we wanted before Communism ever threatened our existence and the kind of world we will want after the Communist threat has receded.

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A man and a woman are sitting on a boat deck, looking out at the ocean. The man is holding a cigarette and smiling at the woman. The woman is also smiling and looking at the man. In the foreground, there is a pack of Newport King Size cigarettes. The pack is blue and white, with the Newport logo and the words 'NEWPORT FILTER CIGARETTES' and 'KING SIZE'. Below the pack, there is a small tag that says 'PACK OR BOX'.

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LIFE GUIDE

Where to find stacks of rare reading; primitive art and show records

Behind the quiet facade of the local library may lie hidden treasure. Only a fraction of this wealth shows at any one time, but a bit of poking may unearth fascinating items from its collections or rare books department: Egyptian papyri, cuneiform tablets 5,000 years old or masterpieces of 15th Century printing. The collections listed here are just a sampling of those lurking in U.S. libraries, which celebrate National Library Week April 12-18. But don't expect to sign out a medieval manuscript or a first edition of Thomas Wolfe on your library card—rare books don't circulate.



Today's booklovers get to see Gutenberg's original under glass

Rare Books

NEW YORK. The couchant lions who guard the *New York Public Library* have good reason for looking snug. They preside over the nation's biggest public library. Outstanding among its collections is one devoted entirely to the dance. The current display in the main lobby shows books in Gaelic and lasts until April 15.

One of the most interesting special libraries in the city is the *Morine L. Jeffrey* at the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company on Wall Street—a port of embarkation for armchair hunters of sunken treasure. It contains 245 marine disaster books which have aided salvagers in tracing valuable cargo and inspired script writers in search of plots. A separate room is dedicated to the strange disappearance of the crew and passengers of the *Mary Celeste* in 1872. Murray Hill's elegant *Pierpont Morgan Library* has a priceless collection of medieval illuminated manuscripts, incunabula (books printed before 1501), autograph manuscripts and 40th through 12th Century bindings. Accredited students can examine them up close (they are requested "to refrain from breathing upon the pages"), and the public can wander through the book-lined East and West Rooms and see 8th-18th Century liturgical manuscripts in the annex. Exhibition lasts through March 21.

PENNSYLVANIA. The *Rosenbach Museum* in Philadelphia opens only on Wednesday, Friday and Sunday afternoons, but a visit to this research museum is a treat for any bibliophile. Its documents on American history span the centuries from Ferdinand and Isabella to F.D.R. It also has a fine section on Joseph Conrad. Its unmatched Lewis Carroll material includes the letter he wrote to his publisher and an 1865 edition of *Alice in Wonderland*.

One exhibit this spring at *The Free Library* will be devoted to Shakespeare. Another display, called "Treasures of the English Tongue" and made up en-

tirely of first editions or rare copies, will point to the landmarks of English literature from *The Book of Common Prayer* to *Treasure Island*. For qualified students there are 35 major collections, including 2,800 cuneiform tablets, 150 Oriental manuscripts and more than 900 letters of Charles Dickens.

WASHINGTON, D.C. *The Library of Congress* was 12 years old when the British burned it in 1814, whereupon Thomas Jefferson offered his own books to serve as a nucleus for a replacement. The 3,000 volumes of his that are left—much used and rather badly battered—occupy a place of honor in the Rare Books Division. Adolf Hitler's 1,500-book personal library is also available. Woodrow Wilson's library is there too, preserved in a memorial room along with his Nobel Peace Prize citation and medal. In 1926 the Great Houdini gave his books to the library—one of the rarer ones is a 1635 edition of *Hocus Fucus Junior*.

NORTH CAROLINA. The Thomas Wolfe Collection at the *Poeck Memorial Public Library* in Asheville brings wolfpaws of scholars from all parts of the world. The casual visitor can sample the material by visiting the North Carolina Room, where first editions of Wolfe's works are displayed along with photographs, clippings, book reviews and biographies.

FLORIDA. At Florida State University's *Streeter Memorial Library* in Tallahassee anyone can enjoy the Shaw Collection of childhood in poetry. Among the 5,111 volumes are such nostalgic ones as *Old Fashioned Roses* (a book of poems by James Whitcomb Riley which includes "Little Orphan Annie"), first editions of Robert Louis Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses* and A. Milne's *When We Were Young*.

OHIO. The John G. White Collection at the *Cleveland Public Library* has the only copy in existence of a 1582

book on Saint Ursula, *The Arabian Nights* in the original Arabic and the largest U.S. collection of Sanskrit. Also there are 50 incunabula, 1,600 books on proverbs, a definitive library on chess and so much Germanic folklore that they tell of an American student who hustled off to Europe to do his research only to be told that he'd do better back in Cleveland.

WISCONSIN. The rare books department at the University of Wisconsin *Memorial Library* in Madison has 83 papyri, a vast collection on alchemy and chemistry that spans nearly 500 years, and 10,600 issues of off-beat little magazines. It is currently displaying books on witchcraft, but permission to browse through the rest of the collection must be obtained from its curator, Felix Pollak.

TEXAS. Students of theology find many treasures at the *Bridwell Library* of Southern Methodist University in Dallas. It has the first printed edition of St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*, dated 1467, a copy of *Scriptures Re Rustice*—printed in 1472 by Nicolas Jenson, the Venetian-type designer—and the first edition of *Excuse Domine*, Martin Luther's salty reply to a papal bull.

COLORADO. One of the finest western history collections in the country belongs to the *Denver Public Library*. Its rarest books are available only to scholars, but pioneer manuscripts and diaries are put out—under glass—for the public to read.

CALIFORNIA. The *Henry E. Huntington Library* in San Marino keeps some of its best rare books on public display, and it has a splendid Shakespeare exhibit this year which includes first editions of books the Bard drew on for source material.

All during the month of April the *Los Angeles Public Library* plans an exhibit of books that were once banned or censored called "Reading Is the Key to Freedom."

The *Bancroft Library* collections at the University of California, Berkeley delight historians. The most famous

item on display is not a book at all but a small brass plaque signed Francis Drake that takes possession of "this Kingdom . . . as Nova Albion" in the name of Queen Elizabeth of England, and bears the date of June 17, 1579. It was found in Marin County in 1937.

WASHINGTON. On permanent display in the *Seattle Public Library* are 480 books that trace the history of children's literature and schoolbooks. There is a Latin grammar printed in London in 1760 and a 1791 forerunner of Emily Post titled *Principles of Politeness or Knowing the World*.

At the *Suzzallo Library* of the University of Washington the history of the Pacific Northwest is thoroughly documented. There are reports on early voyages by Russian, Spanish, French and English explorers; original diaries kept by Indian traders; and personal papers of prominent politicians. There are also 40,000 photographs, including remarkable ones taken by Eric A. Hoge in the Yukon during the Gold Rush.

Exhibits

CALIFORNIA. All that glitters is gold in the *Los Angeles County Museum* March 19-May 15. Two hundred treasures, fashioned before 1492, comprise a "Gold Before Columbus" exhibition of precious objects from the cultures of Mexico, Panama, Costa Rica, Colombia, Ecuador and Peru. Most of the pieces, ranging from tiny miniatures to massive gold vessels, were found in tombs where they had escaped plundering Conquistadores.

FLORIDA. The Miami Museum of Science and Natural History will literally rock around the clock on March 15, when members of the Mineralogical and Lapidary Guild gather to display handsome pebbles and polished semi-precious stones. The halls will be given over to table-ones, faceted gems and general exhibits.

MASSACHUSETTS. The 52nd annual "U.S. China Trade" show in which many ballerinas of the rink have continued

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LIFE GUIDE CONTINUED

debut—will glide into Boston College's McHugh Forum March 13-15, sponsored by the Skating Club of Boston. Tina Noyes, member of the '64 Olympic team, stars.

Show Records

MUSICALS. By strange chance, four of the best musicals currently recorded are adaptations from straight plays. Best of all is *Hello, Dolly!* fashioned from Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker*. By some alchemy all her own, Carol Channing makes her black grape eyes and funhouse grin shine through the record with the same incandescence they show on stage. Less magical but nonetheless captivating is *IIO in the Shade*, which is N. Richard Nash's *The Ratunkler* set to a polka-thumping beat (both RCA Victor). One recording which in many ways is superior to its stage forebear is *The Girl Who Came to Supper*. Blissfully unencumbered by the loopy plot inherited from Terence Rattigan's *The Prince and the Showgirl*, the record lets Noel Coward's music take center stage and gives two charmers, Florence Henderson and Tessie O'Shea, a great workout (Columbia). The off-Broadway revival of *The Boys from Syracuse*, which Rodgers and Hart drew from Shakespeare's *The Comedy of Errors*, gives remarkable polish to one of the great musicals of all time (Capitol).

PLAYS. *Dylan*, one of the most successful straight plays of the current season, has occasioned a flurry of new releases. First and foremost is the cast record-

ing of the show, with Sir Alec Guinness evoking eerily the gifted and be-deviled Welsh poet and Kate Reid fine as his wife (Columbia). For those who prefer the original, Caeidon has released a complete collection of Thomas reading his recorded poetry. Caeidon has also issued *An Evening with Dylan Thomas*, in which he jokes with his audience, makes some serious remarks on his craft and reads favorite poems, mainly by Thomas Hardy, W.B. Yeats—and himself. Two differing bits of Americana from the theater are found in *Spoon River Anthology* and *In White America*. In prose, poetry and song, the former dramatizes the poems of Edgar Lee Masters about a small Illinois town, while the latter movingly tells the story of the Negro in America (both Columbia).

Art

CALIFORNIA. Pin-size painters display their portfolios of primitives at the Oakland Art Museum, March 14-April 5. The show is devoted exclusively to art by public school students and ranges from collages by kindergarten kids to sculpture by high school seniors.

Primitive art, Latin American style, provides an exhibition at the Art Center in La Jolla, March 15-April 12. Oils by Haitian, Venezuelan and Nicaraguan artists seem to gain in motion from a background beat of recorded calypso music. Ex-blacksmith George Liautaud has hammered out a sculpture from tin sheets and iron drums showing Erzulie (a spirit) taking possession of a man.

MASSACHUSETTS. George Rickey's "Kinetic Sculptures" turn slowly at the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston, March 14 to April 19. The 50-piece show focuses on his large (up to 12 feet) sculptures in motion but also includes some tiny stationary pieces.

Festivals

OHIO. The buzzards return to Whipp's Ledges near Hinckley, 12 miles south of Cleveland, every March 15 with nearly the regularity of the swallows circling Capistrano. The local citizens accordingly welcome them with a big bird-watch and people-feed. Chances

are that the expected 20,000 visitors will spend the day on a wild buzzard chase—the 30 or so members of the flock are shy and stick insistently close to their roosting trees—but the watchers find a substitute by gathering at the elementary school for pancakes and sausage. The birds have touched down here since 1818, when farmers staged a hunt that left the carcasses of 300 deer, 21 bears and a passel of other predators stretched near Hinckley Lake. The buzzards, says local legend, never forget.

Theater

NATIONAL REPERTORY THEATER.

While some excellent repertory companies are making their homes in single U.S. cities, this top-grade troupe is burnstorming the land. It carries three plays with it: Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*, Jean Anouilh's *Ring Around the Moon* and Chekhov's *The Sea Gull*. It is headed by Farley Granger and Eva Le Gallienne, who herself is the pioneer saint of American repertory. St. Louis until March 21st; Dallas, March 26-29; New York, April 2 for indefinite run.

FOXY. As a Yukon gold digger in this good-natured musical, Bert Lahr behaves like a maddened mouse with equal greed for gold and girls. The show is based on Ben Jonson's old jape, *Volpone*. It includes a neat performance by Larry Blyden as a backwoods playboy, and some funny lines and lyrics by Ring Lardner Jr. and Johnny Mercer. As for Lahr, that man ought to retire for the public good before he kills us all off from laughing.



Puncakes are for the people when the buzzards come flying in

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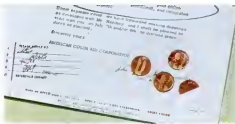
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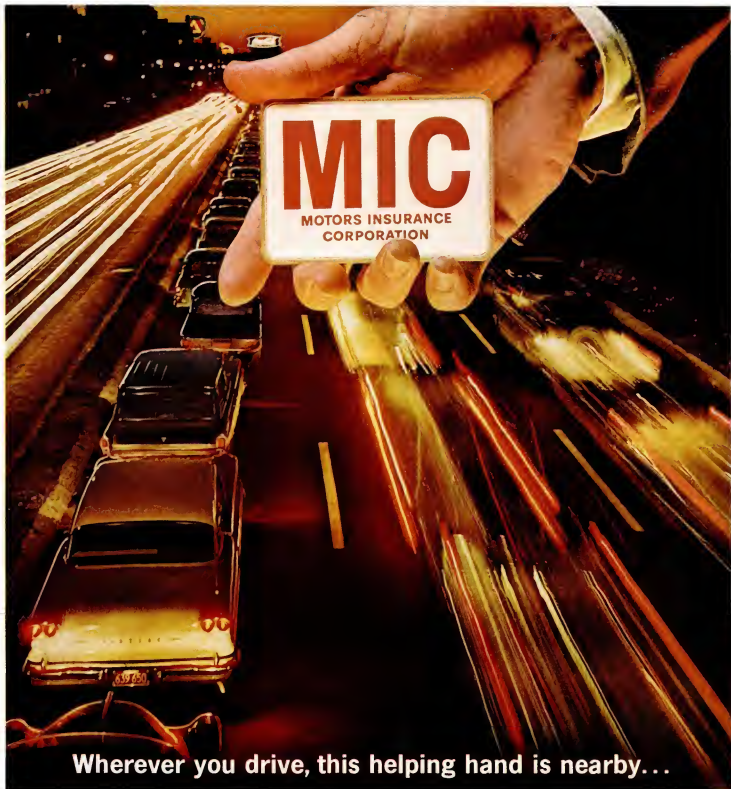


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by Loudon Wainwright

The Strange Case of Strangelove

I found myself at the edge of tears as I watched a series of nuclear explosions fill the screen and heard a sweet female voice singing, "We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when, but I know we'll meet again some sunny day." This happened at the very end of *Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned To Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb*, and I had been laughing wildly for an hour and a half. The emotional switch surprised me at the time. Was I sad that the movie's world was ending? Was I having an attack of hysterics brought on by the film's repeated and stunning outrages? Or had I suddenly arrived—after prolonged laughter—at a glimpse of some awful truth?

This truth had something to do with the sheer ridiculousness of humanity's posture in its terribly complex, life-and-death affair with the bomb. In the blinding light of the explosions that end all life, such virtues as efficiency, patriotism and steadfastness seem somewhat fragile. It struck me at the time and it strikes me now that *Dr. Strangelove* is a brilliant and edifying, even a moral, movie. Many moviegoers, who have been breaking boxoffice records in theaters all over the country, apparently share this opinion.

The verdict is not, however, unanimous. Of course, there is no good reason why such a strong dose of comic medicine should be universally admired. Some will find esthetic flaws in the picture; others will be offended at the suggestion that man's efforts to control the bomb are futile. Such efforts have been successful, these people might say, for almost 20 years.

But some influential and highly placed critics have attacked the film with extraordinary bitterness, as though it were downright disloyal. Their assault, it seems to me, is right in tune with the rigid and inappropriate behavior that is burlesqued on the screen. "Defeatist," "destructive of morale," "malignant," "evil," "snide" are some of the words being used to describe the film, and there is the distinct suggestion throughout

most of the adverse criticism that since any damn fool knows we can't ban the bomb, it would be a good thing if we could just ban this dreadful picture. One senior political reporter on a Washington newspaper writes: "No Communist could dream of a more effective anti-American film to spread abroad than this one. United States officials, including the President, had better take a look at this one to see its effect on the national interest."

What is there about *Dr. Strangelove* that's getting these people so upset? To be sure, the plot and the characters are not particularly reassuring when taken straight. An insane U.S. Air Force general, without the knowledge of the President, who is a nice boob, instructs his airborne nuclear bombers to attack their Russian targets. It turns out that the Russians have a "Doomsday Device" which will go off automatically when the U.S.S.R. is hit, and that this super-super deterrent, whose radioactive ingredients have a killing "half-life" of 93 years, will then wipe out humanity. Suspense builds through a crescendo of nightmare jokes, and the long and short of the plot is that one plane gets through, drops its bombs and the Doomsday Device begins its chain of world-ending explosions.

Stanley Kubrick, the mild, bright 35-year-old who directed, produced and collaborated on the writing of *Dr. Strangelove*, puts a comic spin on the whole ghastly business. And it is just that spin which appears to have undone his angriest critics. Repelled by a comedy which draws its huffs from top-echelon folly and outright doom, they miss the point of the satire. Instead they deal grimly with the accuracy of specific details, details which the satirist has plainly made up.

One important critic, in his third disturbed review of the picture, writes: "[Kubrick] is saying that the top-level scientists . . . the diplomats, the experts, the prime ministers and even the President of the United States are all fuddy-duddy or maniac monsters who are completely unable to control the bomb. . . . It passes belief that everybody in command could be as foolish and ineffectual as they're shown here." A professional foreign policy expert writes: "Had [Kubrick] so cared he could have easily ascertained the publicly available facts under the command and control of

our nuclear forces. This he has not done—to the detriment of the trust which the American public rightly reposes in the integrity and competence of our political leadership and of the professional leaders of the armed services. . . ."

In their anger these men have failed to realize that Kubrick had no interest in making a picture based on the "publicly available facts," and that he isn't asking people to believe that everybody in command is as foolish in life as in the movie. As a satirist, he is involved in revealing human folly through burlesque.

"Why should the bomb be approached with reverence?" Kubrick asks. "Reverence can be a paralyzing state of mind. For me the comic sense is the most eminently human reaction to the mysteries and the paradoxes of life. I just hope some of them are illuminated by the exaggerations and the style of the film. And I don't see why an artist has to do any more than produce an artistic experience that reflects his thinking."

It seems strange, even paradoxical, that Kubrick has to defend the artist's prerogatives in the U.S. About a month ago, shortly after the opening of *Dr. Strangelove* in New York, Marshal Rodion Y. Malinovsky, the Soviet defense minister, delivered a verbal spanking to Russian artists and writers who Malinovsky thought were creating dangerously pacifistic works. Speaking about a particular Russian film, he said: "We all know the bitter failures of the first period of the war and their causes. But in portraying all this, the artist cannot confine himself to a position of abstract humanitarianism and objectivism and forget about the lofty objectives of the struggle that were inscribed on our banners."

What Malinovsky was really saying is that it's unpatriotic to make films or books or paintings that don't conform to Soviet political or military ideals. *Strangelove's* American detractors—in their vehement regrets that Kubrick did not employ the literal truth in his savage fiction and that his wild caricatures of U.S. leaders are not at all like the men who are currently in charge of our destinies—sound a lot like the marshal. And their outrage underlines another truth—that the half-life of Not Getting the Point is forever.

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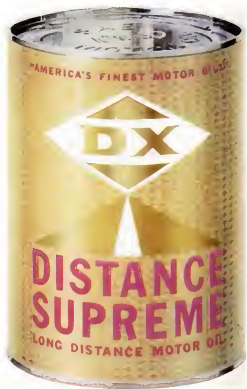
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

LEE OSWALD

Sirs:
LIFE's detailed story of Lee Harvey Oswald (Feb. 21) is a great service to a deeply disturbed public. The fact that you put a task force of reporters on the job of tracking down all the facts in this much beleaguered and desperate matter, and then, without prejudice or fear, gave those facts to the people, is journalism at its very finest.

ROBERT H. MCGRISSEY
Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs:
No matter how great the evidence of Lee Oswald's guilt, you have no right to mark him as President Kennedy's assassin. You are defying the judicial axiom in this country that "all men are innocent until proven guilty."

THOMAS D. McCLOSKEY JR.
Wynnewood, Pa.

Sirs:
A masterpiece of a clinical case history. I doubt whether the files of any psychiatric clinic can produce a better one. While the many facts you dug up about his life, from infancy to adulthood, are only too familiar to a generation of professional workers in this field, and explain in part at least the causative factors, your article throws them into sharp relief and accentuates their significance.

HYMAN L. LEVIN, M.D.
Buffalo, N.Y.

Sirs:
It should remove all doubt, if any still exists, of who murdered our young President.

JOHN HARRY CROSES
Clearwater, Fla.

Sirs:
I appreciated your informative article on Lee Oswald, but your unforgivable cover made me sick to my stomach—I promptly disposed of it!

RIP PIMBERTON
Southold, N.Y.

Sirs:
Certainly, if Oswald could have realized he might be featured on the cover of a magazine where most great national and international leaders have also appeared, and where millions could see him, he would have considered this the recognition he so dearly sought.

It seems a paradox that a person who stands for the destruction of the very title of your magazine could have been chosen for such a position.
BERTRAND B. HOPKINS, M.D.
Grotton, Mass.

TOO MUCH LEISURE

Sirs:
Perhaps a reading of Gibbons' *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is in order, since Mr. Havemann in "Too Much Leisure" (Feb. 21) showed how the Greeks enjoyed their free time, but he neglected to point out that Greece and much of its culture fell before the rampaging Roman empire. This same empire was itself destroyed when the Romans succumbed to a life of leisure—bread and circuses.

HARRY RUBINIKY
Winthrop, Mass.

Sirs:
You have freed my conscience. No longer will I feel guilty about spending an hour or so over coffee with my friends or sitting looking out the window at my children at play. I am only sorry I will have to wait for the full emergence of "The Age of Leisure."

MRS. FRANK LEWIS
Sterling, Ill.

Sirs:
A Christian is never unemployed. A vital faith is the real insurance against boredom. A Christian hasn't hours enough in the day to bind up "the wounds of the afflicted," to visit the sick and sorrowing, to spend time with little children, to teach the Gospel.

How pathetic if the result of the new leisure is simply the "comeback of the small shop" and the corner butcher!

MRS. MAURICE PHELPS
Chaffee, N.Y.

Sirs:
What authorities on leisure dare to compare so noble an art as angling with "TV watching and spectator sports"? It's obvious such men have never waded a foggy stream at dawn to watch a master of the dry fly drop his fly on the nose of a wild brown trout. Nor have they sat helplessly as a mere four-pound bass leapt clear of the water and spat a plug at them, or a musky wrapped their line around a tree after a sizzling 100-yard run.

But I wish more fishermen would become TV watchers. There would be more uncluttered waters for us who take our avocation seriously.

JOHN M. CARTER
Charleston, Ill.

SANTO SPIRITO CROSS

Sirs:
Whether or not it can be proved that Michelangelo was the creator of the wooden Santo Spirito crucifix (Feb. 21), the essential facts were beautifully

presented by your staff, with superb photography.

JACK STEVENSON JR.
Winston-Salem, N.C.

Sirs:
Because the "Michelangelo" crucifix was carved from wood, it has dimensional limitations which might have precluded the more massive anatomy seen in the marble, bronze and fresco works by that artist. We noticed that Bacchus, also, does not have the muscular anatomy which some experts consider so important.

The photograph of the head from a frontal view causes it to have a more classical characteristic similar to the *Pieta*: when taken from directly beneath, it does not. Considering that the crucifix was carved for viewing from in front below, is it not possible to create with that effect in mind? These considerations would seem to favor Dr. Lisner's point of view.

EARL W. SAUNDERS
Seneca Falls, N.Y.

WINTER IN VENICE

Sirs:
In "Winter in Venice" (Feb. 21) Carlo Ravagnoli has tastefully captured the mood of a beautiful thing that might not be with us much longer—winter or summer.

Because the city is settling into the sea, and because natives have left by the thousands, a strong Venetian group wants to replace historic buildings with modern, functional architecture, to create commercial centers and light industry on the Venetian islands, and serve these with automotive traffic! But another group is fighting to restore the old buildings, and preserve intact the character of that jewel city, while attempting to attract new commerce into the elegance of refurbished old palaces. These people warrant the support of the world before it is too late.

M. D. MORRIS
New York, N.Y.

JOAN CRAWFORD

Sirs:
The special report on Joan Crawford (Feb. 21) was fascinating. Imagine going through all that! Well, I'm glad it's she, not me! I was tired just reading about it all.

ALMA T. DI CARLIS
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sirs:
What an exhibition of super-nobility was that conglomeration of nauseating trivia contained in Miss Craw-

ford's imperious demands regarding hotel protocol, service, interviews, etc.

SOLOMON A. KALINA
Evanston, Ill.

ROAST BEEF DINNER

Sirs:
About your excellent article on Great Dinners (Feb. 21): I must point out that when making Yorkshire pudding, the flour and salt are put in the bowl first, and a well made in the flour with a wooden spoon, and then the eggs are dropped in and stirred briskly with a wooden spoon with a little milk added, the mixture beaten until bubbles push up through it. Then the rest of the milk is added and the whole beaten thoroughly for at least five minutes before being put in the oven. I come from an English family that has made Yorkshire pudding for generations, and this is the right way to ensure the pudding will rise properly and have the necessary "thisisdown" taste.

SYLVIA M. WRIGHT
Redondo Beach, Calif.

► This is a valid technique but the pudding is likely to be lighter if the eggs are beaten before being incorporated into the flour.—ED.

Sirs:
Wouldn't allowing the roast to "rest" for one half hour cool it off? Should it be cooked without salting and peppering first?

MRS. M. ANDERSON
Menomonee Falls, Wis.

► The roast is kept warm by resting on heated tray covered with aluminum foil. Putting salt on roast before cooking is to be avoided—it draws out juices in cooking.—ED.

THE BEATLES

Sirs:
The Beatles (Feb. 21) are an answer to this 34-year-old mother's prayer. They are wholesome, cherubic, well-mannered mop-tops who also use excellent grammar. And they sing in time. In a household where a love of many kinds of good music abounds, I have made an addition to the "3 B's" in music, Bach, Beethoven, Brahms—the Beatles! Yeah!

MRS. DON DAY
Nashville, Tenn.

Sirs:
We need more Beatles and fewer crabs in our society.

BOB DOTZAUER
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

IN NEXT WEEK'S

LIFE

PART II—The First World War

AIR COMBAT

Dogfights, derring-do and aces

MIGHTIEST FIRE ENGINE

IN THE WORLD

Comedian's big changeover:
Mike Nichols turns director

Mail-Order Easter
Hats by the Country's
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An Epic Movie on the Life of Christ
Photographs by ELIOT ELISOFON

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MAKER OF AMERICA'S NUMBER 1 CAT FOOD

The Inside Story of the Attorney General's Task Force that Convicted Teamster Boss

LIFE

Vol. 56, No. 11 March 13, 1964



HOFFA'S NEMESIS. Walter Sheridan, chief of special unit which finally begged Jimmy Hoffa, works over the case at his Washington desk.

HOFFA:

by HENRY SUYDAM

The words of Jury Foreman Hal W. Bullen hung for a moment over the 100 people who were packed into the small, dark-paneled Chattanooga courtroom: James Riddle Hoffa had been found guilty on two counts of tampering with a federal court jury. Then the place erupted.

Hoffa himself, the squat, tough boss of a union which is capable of stopping virtually all commercial traffic in



PINNED TO WALL. Hand-made valentine of Hoffa was playfully stuck on Walter Sheridan's door by Justice Department secretaries.

HOW THEY NAILED HIM

the U.S., sat stony-faced, fiddling with his glasses; then his shoulders slumped. Nearby, a neat, inconspicuous man broke into a big grin, bolted past marshals at the door and into the corridor, threw up his right hand and whooped, "Guilty . . . two counts!" Thus, with a completely uncharacteristic display of emotion, Walter Sheridan saluted the attainment of a goal he and Robert Kennedy had sought for the past seven years:

bringing Jimmy Hoffa to justice.

In all that time Walt Sheridan had avoided even a faint reflection of the limelight. He managed to do so despite the fact that for the last three years he has headed the special unit established by the Attorney General to investigate and prosecute labor-management racketeering—an unprecedented elite among federal enforcement groups. In the closing days of his trial, Hoffa, perhaps sensing the

impending end of his apparent invincibility, paid his own harsh tribute to this special unit by singling out Sheridan and his men for loud and profane abuse in the courthouse corridors.

The man who brought Hoffa down does not fit the gangbuster image. Now 38, he stands 5 feet 8½ inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. He dresses conservatively and speaks softly. And he will never be a front-and-center figure in any

case his special unit brings to trial. Alone among special unit members, he is not a lawyer. He wanted to become one but quit law school and became an FBI agent in order to support his growing family (he now has five children).

Sheridan first met Bob Kennedy on a stairway in the Senate Office Building in 1957. He asked Kennedy about a job on the Senate Rackets Committee and Kennedy, then chief counsel for the commit-

THE SECRET WITNESS GUARDED JIMMY'S DOOR



ORDEAL OVER. Partin reviews case with Sheridan after testifying at Chattanooga trial. On stand he told of

his role in Nashville trial where he was working for Hoffa (picture at right) but cooperating with Sheridan.

HOFFA CONTINUED

tee, hired him as an investigator, checking out Hoffa and the Teamsters. Except for a brief interlude of campaign work in 1960, Sheridan's time since then has been taken up almost entirely by James Hoffa.

The day after Bob Kennedy decided to accept the Attorney General's post, he asked Walt Sheridan to come with him as head of a special unit.

"Things were a little vague at first," Sheridan recalls. "Bob just told me to get four or five top lawyers together and go to work, starting with Hoffa."

The special unit presently numbers 15 lawyers and investigators, mostly in their 30s. In its three years of existence this team has been directly or indirectly responsible for 176 Teamster-connected indictments. Of all those indicted who were brought to trial, only eight thus far have been acquitted. There have been 96 convictions.

It was ultimately Walt Sheridan's recommendation which led the government to hang its jury-tampering case on the testimony of one of Hoffa's own satraps, a man named Edward Partin. In early October 1962 Partin, a business

agent for Baton Rouge, La. Teamster Local No. 5, who was in jail because of a minor domestic problem, got in touch with Frank Grimsley, a special unit agent. Grimsley had worked on a case in which Partin had been indicted on charges of embezzling \$1,600 in union funds.

Partin told Grimsley he had information of a "security nature," and Grimsley, on Sheridan's order, went to see him.

All that Partin disclosed during this first contact has not yet been made public. In any event, though it was met initially with skepticism, Partin's story was fully checked by the special unit. And in his continuing talks with Grimsley, Ed Partin also discussed his relationship with Jimmy Hoffa. It became clear Partin was getting fed up with the Teamster overlord. Grimsley reported this interesting fact to Sheridan.

Meanwhile, the special unit was preparing a case against Hoffa for allegedly having shared in a \$1 million payoff from a Michigan trucking firm in return for guaranteeing labor peace.

On Oct. 18, four days before the beginning of the trial in Nashville, Partin—in Baton Rouge and again a free man—telephoned



Hoffa. The Teamster boss asked Partin to come up and see him in Nashville. Partin went. Before he left, Grimsley urged him to consider cooperating with the government, and gave him Sheridan's phone number in Nashville, where Sheridan also was awaiting the trial. Hoffa greeted Partin cordially. "We are going to try to get to one juror," he confided. "Or to a few scattered jurors, and take our chances."

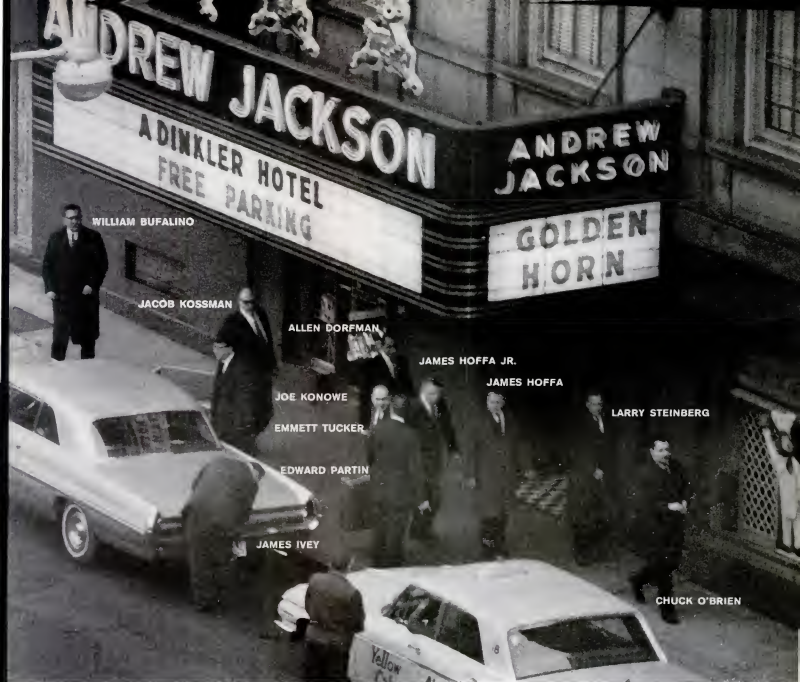
On Monday evening, Oct. 22, 1962, Partin got off by himself, picked up a phone and called Walt at Nashville's Noel Hotel. Sheridan instructed Partin never to leave the Teamster group unless he could slip away inconspicuously, never to phone except from a pay booth away from his hotel.

Only six persons, including Attorney General Kennedy, knew

about Partin's new role. Only Walter Sheridan was in direct contact with him. For the next 16 months, no matter where the men were, Sheridan and Partin were in almost daily contact.

The first attempt to reach a juror in the Hoffa trial was clumsy. A Nashville insurance man, James C. Tippens, who had been accepted by the prosecution as a juror, was offered \$10,000 by a local man. He rejected it and told his story to the trial judge, William E. Miller. The judge called attorneys for both sides, told them of the incident, dismissed Tippens from the jury.

The next day, Hoffa angrily informed Partin they would have to "lay low for a while, because the bastard came in and told the judge



that his neighbor had offered him \$10,000." Partin passed along news of this reaction to Sheridan.

On Oct. 26, Partin got word to Sheridan that an attempt would be made to get to a juror named Betty Paschal through her husband, a state highway patrolman supposedly eager for a promotion. At Sheridan's direction, FBI agents staked out Ewing King, president of a Nashville Teamster local, who Partin said was trying to make the contact with Patrolman Paschal.

On the night of Nov. 17, Sheridan got a cryptic call: "Topcat's moving." "Topcat" was the special unit's code name for Ewing King. (There were some other code names: Joe Cigarette, Bagels, Sonchody, Canada Smith, Cotton Picker, Silver Fox, Cough Drop, Jimmy Hoffa was Himself. Ed Partin was Andy Anderson.)

FBI agents trailed King through a maze of meetings and car switches to a final confrontation with Paschal, where the patrolman was told that the Teamsters could get him promoted; it was suggested also that he might "talk to" his wife. This Paschal later denied he had done.

Meanwhile, Hoffa boasted to Partin that another juror—a man named Gratin Fields—was "in our hip pocket." Actually Larry Campbell, a business agent for a Detroit Teamster local, tried and failed to reach Fields with a bribe offer through Field's son.

Hoffa's mood, Partin reported, was one of mounting fury. He was sore at King for not getting Patrolman Paschal to take money—the bribe would have "pinned him down." Hoffa was convinced that federal men were eavesdropping

on him, that his room was bugged, that the prosecution knew in advance every move he made. He assigned a trusted lieutenant to guard the door to his hotel room. The guard was Edward Partin.

Partin's job grew touchier when Hoffa hired six off-duty Nashville policemen—at \$50 per day each—to keep a watch on the FBI, the prosecutors, Walt Sheridan, and whoever else might be tailing the Teamsters.

On Dec. 6, the special unit's chief prosecutor, Jim Neal, asked Judge Miller for a closed session, at which he asked for Mrs. Paschal's removal from the jury. ("Hoffa went white," Neal recalls.) The judge sent marshals to bring in Ewing King and Paschal. As King was brought in, Hoffa

TEAMSTER CONVOY. Hoffa and entourage leave Nashville hotel during 1962 trial in which jury-fixing attempt was made. With Hoffa are Partin; Teamster attorneys William Bufalino, Jacob Kossman; aides Joseph Konowe, Larry Steinberg, James Ivey, Emmett Tucker, Chuck O'Brien.

flashed him a five-finger salute. King took the Fifth Amendment. Judge Miller ordered Mrs. Paschal dismissed.

On Dec. 20, the day before the case was to go to the jury, Neal again went to the judge, this time to ask Gratin Fields's removal. He handed the judge a sealed envelope containing Sheridan's summary of Partin's story. Judge Miller read it, ordered the envelope resealed and, to the consternation of Hoffa's attorneys, ordered Fields dismissed from the trial jury. (Both Fields's son and Patrolman Pas-

JUSTICE KEPT ITS BOMBSHELL HIDDEN AWAY IN THE WOODS

HOFFA CONTINUED

chal later appeared as prosecution witnesses in the Chattanooga jury-tampering trial.) Alternate jurors filled in for both Mrs. Paschal and Mr. Fields on the jury, which then deadlocked, 7-5 for acquittal, after two days of deliberation.

The hung jury was a blow to the special unit. But Hoffa, in his zeal to arrange his own justice, had left himself wide open. Judge Miller ordered a federal grand jury convened to investigate jury tampering in the trial. The unit presented its case early in 1963. Many persons "close" to Hoffa were called as witnesses before that grand jury. Partin was among them. Shortly before Partin was to testify, Hoffa called him to Washington on union business. While there, Partin received some fatherly advice from Teamster Counsel William Bufalino: take the Fifth.

By this time it was obvious that the strength of the government's case, if an indictment were handed down, would rest on Partin's willingness to take the witness stand. Although skeptical at first, Sheridan had developed great confidence in Partin. "I've dealt with a lot of informers," says Sheridan, "and until this guy, they all wanted two guarantees: sometimes traced to them and never call them as wit-

nesses. Ed asked for neither one.

"But asking him to take the stand in open court meant exposing him as an informer, jeopardizing his job—maybe much worse."

Sheridan confronted Partin with this prospect early in May of 1963 at Grimsley's house in Atlanta. "I've come this far," shrugged Partin. "Whatever you say."

On May 9, 1963, Hoffa was indicted, with others, for tampering with the Nashville jury.

After delays and a change of venue, the trial began on Jan. 20, 1964, before Federal Judge Frank W. Wilson in Chattanooga. At the outset Hoffa showed his customary confidence, born of a record of four federal trials and no convictions in seven years. He was still confident on Feb. 4—in fact, he seemed bored. But not for long.

In an office just down the hall from the courtroom, Ed Partin was waiting. He had slipped into the city three days earlier with Frank Grimsley and had been taken by Sheridan to the Fairlyland Motor Court just over the Georgia border on Lookout Mountain. Here Partin was parked in a cottage with an around-the-clock guard of U.S. marshals. During the noon recess on Feb. 4—Hoffa and his attorneys were eating lunch—Sheridan secretly arranged to move Partin into the courthouse. Two special unit members had been stationed in the courthouse basement to hold the elevator for his arrival. When Partin, Sheridan and the four marshals came, they ducked into the basement and walked quickly into the elevator. One of the agents pushed the "5" button and turned the "nonstop" key he had obtained. Other marshals had already cleared the fifth floor, and the party walked to the special unit's suite. Sheridan and a marshal dropped down to check the courtroom on the third floor. The coast was clear. They returned to the fifth floor and walked Partin downstairs to the U.S. Marshal's office, very near the courtroom.

The witness was called but not announced by name. As Partin walked in to take the stand, Ewing King winked uncertainly at Hoffa. Hoffa did not wink back. He stared at Partin. Then, as Partin's testi-

mony unreeled, Hoffa's face started to flush bright red, the color spreading from the neck slowly up over his face.

Partin was on the stand 5½ days. During the entire period his credibility was under heavy attack by the eight defense attorneys. Each night he was taken from the courthouse under heavy guard. Twice he was moved to different private homes in the city.

Unquestionably, Partin's testimony was reaching the principal defendant. Hoffa's nervous gestures—pencil-tapping on the table, foot-drumming on the floor—increased in tempo and his temper outside the courtroom flared. He was overheard berating his lawyers: "That son-of-a-bitch is killing us." To Jim Neal he grated: "You're a whore, Neal. I'll hold you the rest of my life." Special unit member Bill French was also singled out: "You're a dirty spy. I'll see you on the wrong side of the bars."

But Hoffa reserved his bitterest venom for Walt Sheridan. Approaching his nemesis in the corridor, he snarled, "I hear you have cancer, Sheridan. . . . How long does it take to work?"

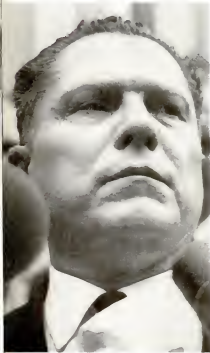
Sheridan knew from the beginning that anything less than a total, prolonged effort, a war of attrition—a "vendetta," according to Hoffa—would have resulted in more acquittals, more hung juries.

In the good-guys-and-bad-guys-only world that Walt Sheridan inhabits with Bob Kennedy, there is no room for doubt about Jimmy Hoffa: Hoffa is a corruptive influence on society, a dangerous symbol of the misuses of power, who had to be brought to justice within the law.

Hoffa will, of course, appeal the conviction that could bring a prison sentence of up to 10 years. But he has by no means seen the last of Sheridan or the special unit. There is another case, set for Chicago on April 27—an indictment charging Hoffa with conspiracy to obtain \$20 million in fraudulent loans from the Teamsters' Central States Pension Fund. Its maximum possible penalty would include 100 years in prison. Sheridan and the special unit take a proprietary interest in this case—they've been on it for two years.



SWEATING OUT TRIAL. Members of special unit play football during trial break. From left: William Sheets, Nashville FBI agent; William Holtzman, U.S. marshal; John Cassidy,



GRIM JIMMY. After verdict Hoffa insisted he would not resign his job. "The members will be behind me."

MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT. On Lookout Mountain, Partin talks with Sheridan (right) and Frank Grimsley (left).



Justice attorney, Walter Sheridan; Cecil Miller, U.S. marshal; and William French, Justice attorney (with ball). Unit saw 96 Teamster convictions in three years, eight acquittals.

PROTECTING PARTIN. Three U.S. marshals keep Partin (facing camera) under 24-hour guard in motel outside of Chattanooga. He was moved around repeatedly to avoid detection.



The A-11: New U.S. Jet Is Fastest and Highest

by **JERRY HANNIFIN**

It was built in a place called the "Skunk Works," and for a long time its designers called it nothing but "The Thing." But when President Johnson suddenly pulled it out of hiding, "The Thing" proved to be one of the biggest advances and best-kept secrets in the history of aviation. It was the supersonic A-11,

the world's fastest, highest-flying manned aircraft.

Though President Johnson kept the wraps on many of the plane's details, aviation experts estimate that the A-11's rocketlike lines and powerful twin engines can propel it to altitudes well over 100,000 feet at speeds higher than 4,000 mph. About 80 feet long and flown by one man, the A-11 was originally designed for high-altitude reconnaissance work. The aircraft

is now being tested, with anti-aircraft rockets, as a long-range interceptor.

It was no surprise to anybody in the business that the A-11's design turned out to be the work of a soft-talking genius named Kelly Johnson, chief designer of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation.

Johnson's colleagues in the aerospace industry consider him the most brilliant aerodynamicist in the world. "We're just lucky the

Soviets don't have anybody in the same class," General Jimmy Doolittle once remarked. Johnson is shy and pudgy—when he is shuffling around the hangar he looks a little like W. C. Fields in slow motion. He is in love with mathematics, which is the real secret of his art, and once spent an entire vacation working out a difficult problem in calculus—"more fun than anything else I could think of." And his real first name is Clarence. "I had to fight my way out of that when I was a kid back in Ishpeming in Michigan," he says. "In my neighborhood I needed an Irish name."

Back then, Kelly's favorite book was *Tom Swift and His Airship*, and the first plane he ever saw close up was a World War I Curtiss Jenny. It confirmed his ambition to be a plane builder. At 24 he went to work for Lockheed and there turned out a remarkable



string of famous airplanes: the P-38 of World War II; the F-80, the U.S.'s first operational jet fighter; the C-130 "Hercules," workhorse of U.S. military air transport; and the F-104 Starfighter, now being used by free-world governments from Japan to West Germany. Kelly, a good pilot, flew them all.

One day in 1954 the Air Force and the CIA called on Johnson with a special request. They needed a reconnaissance plane that could fly so high over enemy territory that it could not be shot down by either antiaircraft or interceptor planes.

That very night Johnson began clearing out a hangar at Lockheed for the new project. This area was eventually nicknamed the Skunk Works. "I got 23 fellows and we went to work," Johnson says. "We didn't even give the project a name—that's the best kind of security. Later on, the fellows started calling the plane 'The Angel.'" Still

later, Kelly's secret airplane was officially named the U-2.

The MiGs never laid a glove on Kelly's plane. By 1960, when Gary Powers was shot down, Kelly Johnson was working on a successor that could soar even higher than the U-2 and fly a lot faster. The Thing, in fact, had already started to take shape on the drawing boards. And before long, Johnson and his men were putting it together inside the Skunk Works.

Kelly is 54 now and he no longer flies the planes he designs—neither the U-2 nor the A-11. His latest work is a typical Kelly Johnson plane, making the best of old ideas but daring to try out a lot of new ones. On the A-11 the air inlet of each engine has a protruding cone-shaped object which directs a stream of air into the engine to ensure the proper mixture of fuel and air inside the combustion chamber. As in many jet fighters, each engine also has an afterburner attached to the rear of it

(directly under the numbers on the tail in the picture below) to produce extra thrust. The estimated total thrust of the two engines at full power is 80,000 pounds, which is four times as powerful as the biggest military jet engine.

To overcome the tremendous heat and friction which the A-11 builds up at high speeds, Johnson has done pioneering work in the use of metals. The fuel tanks are plated on the outside with gold, which conducts heat away from the volatile fuel. In the fuselage he has made lavish use of titanium, the lightweight, heat-resistant metal that aircraft designers have been eager to exploit for years.

Though the dozen A-11s already flying have only military applications, they are the forerunners of larger supersonic jets that the U.S. is counting on for commercial use in the years just ahead. France and Great Britain, working together, are already building prototypes of a 1,350-mph commercial trans-



JOHNSON WITH U-2 MODEL

port, scheduled to start flying the Atlantic by 1971. The U.S. is trying to come up with an even larger, faster supersonic transport. With the A-11 providing technical data about design, performance and new materials, the U.S. now has a unique flying laboratory that can speed the new era. Meanwhile, back at the Skunk Works, there is no telling what Kelly Johnson will be up to next.





Cool Girl's Daring Ends a Cliffhanger



The man straddled the iron rail high on the edge of a London hotel roof. His name was Thomas French, a garage owner of Cambridgeshire, and all he had left in the world was the 18-month-old son he clutched in his arms. His wife had left him. His life was finished, he screamed at the people in the street below. They did not understand what he was trying to say, but they went silent in horror when they suddenly saw the child. A waitress in the crowd recognized him as the man who had fed an infant from his own plate that day at lunch. He spotted her too. "You know me, love, don't you?" he yelled. He chain-smoked, lighting



in London

the matches with one hand, and he let a note flutter to the pavement. It asked that somebody call his wife, but the number didn't answer.

While firemen and bystanders stretched a net below, policewoman Margaret Clelland edged toward him on the roof. Coming closer and closer she pleaded quietly. "Give me the child. He's cold and hungry. Don't let your son die." Her soothing words went ignored. Lunging desperately, Margaret Clelland grabbed at the baby. For an instant she and the father grappled 60 feet above the street. She got the baby away, and then, as French collapsed over the rail, two strong bobbies grabbed him too.





**Now who could be
annoyed at me?**

Looking his most innocent, Nikita Khrushchev (above) at an embassy party in Moscow played up to girls and finally had a showdown with the Danish prime minister: "Your country is a good place, but the Soviet Union is better."

**How could Erhard
resist Marika?**

Though defeated at the Winter Olympics, West Germany's Marika Kilius and Hans-Jürgen Bäumler (below) recouped at Dortmund to win the world's figure-skating pair championship—and the beaming thanks of Chancellor Erhard.





A landmark leans toward the Shah

The Shah of Iran and his empress (*left*) were ticking off some of Italy's sights and may have noticed that the tower is leaning a little farther. The government also noticed and may build a concrete pad to keep Pisa's precious tilt intact.

Chou and Nkrumah don't keep the score

The score wasn't revealed (*above*), but never was Premier Chou En-lai's diplomacy more nimble. Ghana's Nkrumah backed Red China for U.N. admission. Last week France seemed ready to back Red China's admission too.

Florida boys give L.B.J. a china bull

A well-known Texas cattleman (*below*) took time out on a Florida business trip to accept a ceramic bull from the Rodeheaver Boys Ranch. The President's business in Florida was politics, and he had a good trip: big enthusiastic crowds.



Homage and Hate for 'The Deputy'



In metropolitan New York, the largest Jewish city in the world and one of the biggest Catholic cities, the opening of *The Deputy* was bound to start a grand chorus of controversy. But there were some unexpected discords and odd harmonies. Catholics disagreed with each other about the virtue of the late Pope Pius XII. Jews defended Catholics. Preachers, rabbis, priests, editors and church historians tangled vehemently—but with a new and perhaps prophetic goodwill.

The Deputy set off fireworks right after it was put on in Berlin a year ago. Written by a 31-year-old German Lutheran, Rolf Hochhuth, the play centers on a fictional young priest named Father Fontana. He is horrified by Hitler's extermination of the Jews and tries to persuade Pius XII to speak out against the Nazi leader. When Pius refuses, Fontana in despair pins the Jewish star to his robe and sets forth to comfort the Jews and share their gas-chamber death.

The play takes pains to point out that Pius secretly helped many Jews and that he feared Hitler would retaliate with worse brutality if the Pope denounced him. But in the end Hochhuth leaves no doubt that he regards Pius as unworthy to be Vicar of Christ.

At the New York opening, while five sets of picketers chanted outside, audiences were quiet and attentive. But they were locked inside during intermission lest some picketer start trouble. Since then every performance has sold out, and detectives search the house daily for bombs. Calmly, Cardinal Cushing of Boston said, "I don't think it would do any harm for any intelligent person to see the play." But Cardinal Spellman, whose archdiocese includes Broadway,

called the play "a slanderous . . . outrageous desecration of the honor of a great and good man."

Among all the forums and articles on *The Deputy*, a little local TV show, WABC's *New York*, packed in the liveliest range of opinion. Edward Keating, editor of the Catholic magazine *Ramparts*, when he was asked if he thought the play would intensify division between Catholics and Jews, replied, "No . . . exactly the opposite, because it requires Catholics to face a very subtle anti-Semitism in the church that Pope John, incidentally, was trying to get rid of."

Reinhold Niebuhr, the noted Protestant theologian, excoriated "the shocking inadequacy of all Protestants and Catholics in their reaction to the Nazi terror in general." Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum objected to "the caricature of the Pope," but Dr. Niebuhr defended the playwright for using the Pope as a Christian symbol. "I wasn't very struck by Pope Pius XII," he added, speaking of the Pope himself, "although I wouldn't make him a scoundrel. . . ."

At the end Rabbi Tanenbaum summed up: "Even the Eichmann trial has not succeeded in touching Christian consciences as deeply."

To judge *The Deputy* strictly on its dramatic merits, then, seems beside the point. Pieced together, as it has been, from the author's huge stockpile of dramatic material—he first wrote it in five acts to run more than seven hours—the play sometimes seems crude and jerry-built. It is less play than polemic, and more morality play than tragedy. It can hardly figure importantly in the history of modern drama, but it belongs unmistakably to the drama of modern history.

TOM PRIDEAUX

UNYIELDING POPE. Flanked by important churchmen, Pius XII (Emlyn Williams) gives chilly rebuff to impassioned young priest (Jeremy Brett).

YELLING PICKETS. Some 150 Catholics, Protestants, even U.S. Nazis, parade at *Deputy's* opening. Their shouts were heard inside during play.





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MENTHOL HERE
in Montclair's modern activated-charcoal filter,
so every puff tastes as fresh as the first puff.

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CLOSE-UP

TV Jingle Singer Makes Debut at the Met

What Betty Furness was to refrigerators, Mary Costa was to automobiles. Once a week for three years on the old *Climax* TV show she trilled about the torques and transmissions of Chrysler products. For this she was paid \$150,000 a year, which is one reason few people suspected she hankered to sing grand opera instead of jingles. On one occasion, as she prepared to do another commercial, Jack Benny heard her vocalizing in her dressing room. He urged her to pursue her dream. As everybody knows, Benny's musical ear is flawless, so she took his advice and in 1958 vanished from TV's eye.

One recent night the great curtains parted at the Metropolitan Opera in New York, and who should presently step forth to make her debut as the lead in Verdi's *La Traviata* but the former TV huckstress. Her beauty, acting and singing were a triumph, and at the end fans rushed down to the stage to shout acclaim for a gifted new star on the happiest night of her life.

In a black gown she designed for her *Traviata* role, Mary looks as a high-class courtesan should.

"The Met wanted me to debut in Die Fledermaus, but I didn't want to be typed in cotton candy roles. I held out for Violetta because I adore dying on stage."



CONTINUED



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This is how 30 million people saw Mary making her weekly sales pitch. At right, taping a forthcoming *Hollywood Palace* TV show, she projects her new image.



Metamorphosis of

Mary Costa sang her first public song at the age of 9, and it was almost her last. She caroled *Silent Night* at a church in her native Knoxville, then rushed home and sobbed, "Nobody liked me. When I was through, they all cried." She was just as apprehensive when she quit TV to study opera. "I was afraid they'd call me that blonde from Hollywood." After auspicious appearances with the San Francisco Opera, she did so well in her Met audition and debut that they want her back next year for *Traviata*, *Manon* and *Vanessa*. "If we hadn't hired her," says Rudolf Bing, the Met's general manager, "the stagehands might have gone on strike."



En route to a California concert, Mary studies score in car. At right she hugs her coach, Mario Chamlee, after Met signed her for next season.

"I was so nervous before the debut that I was sure I couldn't sing a note. Then I was in a trance until it was over. It's just now coming back to me."



Lights on a mechanical arm (left) trace its circular motion as it winds a glass filament—diagonal line—around a big boiler-shaped form to make Polaris missile's rocket case.

How to Spin a Rocket

SEE NEXT PAGE

Miles of Glass Thread Build a Booster

Just as a silkworm spins a cocoon, the machine on the previous page is spinning out the casing for the first stage of a Polaris missile. The woven case will be 75% lighter and twice as strong as a steel case of the same size, and giant spinning machines like the one making it may revolutionize some U.S. production methods.

The machine, called a filament winder and operated by the Aerojet-General Corp. in Sacramento, Calif., weaves its rockets out of glass: 36,720 hairlike glass filaments, covered with resin, make up a half-inch tape that its big arm winds around a rotating form, called a mandrel. Into each case go 700,000 miles of filament.

After the winding the case goes into a huge oven. This bakes the resin into glue and binds the filaments. Through the hole left by the mandrel shaft, workers then take out the mandrel in sections. Later, the case is filled with its solid fuel.

Aerojet-General began experi-

menting with filament winding 13 years ago. At first it only used the method to make smaller missile parts, such as bottles for storing gases. As the technique improved, manufacture of larger structures became possible; the Polaris case is 15 feet long. Now Aerojet is planning ways to spin out even bigger rockets (right).

Engineers think the process will work for many products other than rockets. It has already been used to make large chambers to serve as pressurized operating rooms in hospitals. Storage tanks are on the list. And the planners are even developing ideas—and not just spinning yarns either—for winding out pipe, submarine hulls, shotgun barrels—and even parts of houses.

Model at right shows how fuel tanks for larger rockets (tank car gives scale) could be wound. Glass feeds from carriage moving on oval track around case that rotates on horizontal axle.

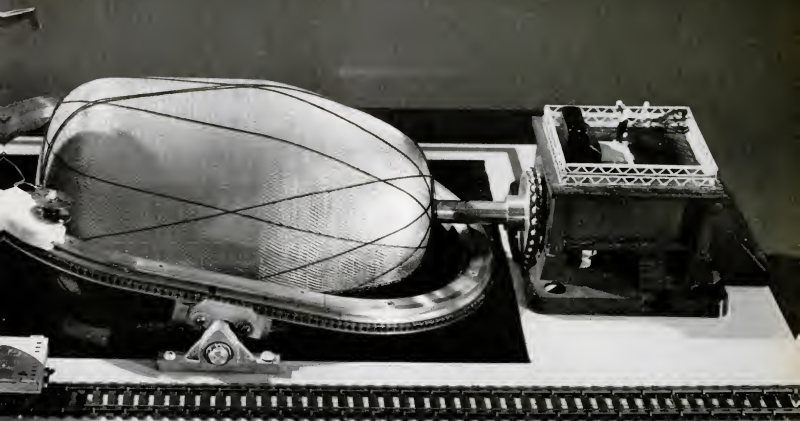


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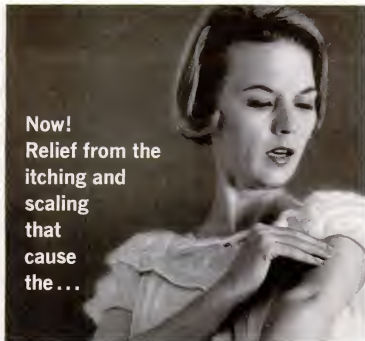
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Dramatic relief reported

Tests prove TEGIN's unique triple-action formula is so effective—brings such pronounced clearing in so many cases—that we make this guarantee: TEGIN will leave your skin cleaner, clearer, smoother or we will refund every penny you paid. So why suffer from the itching and scaling that cause the heartbreak of psoriasis? Whenever these symptoms appear, get new TEGIN!

PSORIASIS SYMPTOMS— 13 common trouble spots:

- | | | |
|---------------|---------------|-------------|
| (1) scalp | (5) arms | (10) knees |
| (2) neck | (6) hands | (11) thighs |
| (3) shoulders | (7) chest | (12) legs |
| (4) elbows | (8) back | (13) feet |
| | (9) mid areas | |

But no matter where itching and scaling of psoriasis may strike, new TEGIN brings guaranteed relief.

TEGRIN



'Opera Is Show Biz and Nothing Else'

Some opera singers are notorious for temperament. In conversations with LIFE Correspondent David Zeitlin, Mary Costa gives her views on the subject and talks about growing up and the big night.

► "I haven't got time for temperament. What good does it do to yell at the leading man? I save my temperament for performance. When I get the least bit edgy or moody, I stable myself."

► "Opera to me is the highest form of show business, but it *is* show business and nothing else. We're out to entertain. I'm sure Ella Fitzgerald is just as serious about her work as I am about mine."

► "During *Traviata* at the Met I was crying in the first scene, which probably struck some people as being in the wrong act. But I couldn't help it. My mascara ran into my eye and it started watering."

► "Singers warned me about all the dust on the Met stage. I told them I just hoped I could sniff up some Geraldine Farrar dust."

► "I used to hide when I was a little girl. My eyes were too small, my nose was too big, my legs were so thin the kids called me 'Bird Legs.' I wore braces and tried to talk without opening my mouth so nobody could see them. I was so blond I looked like an albino rabbit."

► "They told me I'd never make it in TV with my nose. But I refused to have it bobbed. Finally, one day, somebody said it was pretty and I think that was my greatest compliment."



MARY COSTA

CONTINUED

Mary's passionate singing and acting (left) in the third act of *La Traviata* were done without the benefit of a single rehearsal on the Metropolitan stage.

"When I walked into the Met and saw that monstrous place, I wanted to rush home and eat a sack of potatoes and three pounds of steak for strength to get through it."

Her debut (below) was even tougher than most because she appeared on the heels of the Met's reigning Violetta, the great Australian soprano, Joan Sutherland.

"I'm too busy developing my own talent to worry about other sopranos. I like to think of myself as a horse with blinders. I've got to plow ahead on my own course."



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The Struggle That Shaped Our Century

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Exploded 50 Years Ago

WORLD WAR

Spectral soldiers fought across the shell-churned,
gas-choked inferno of the Western Front and mankind
plunged into the bloodiest battles it had ever known



France, England and Germany lost
a generation in the trenches

THE HORROR OF THE WESTERN FRONT



Helmetless and in bright uniforms, French infantrymen started the war with suicidal charges into German machine guns. After half a million casualties, the high command accepted the unromantic

realities of the trenches and issued steel helmets and less visible clothing. British soldiers received helmets with the French, but at least one general considered them unsuited and for a time forbade their use

British cavalry, brimming with *esprit*, were taught a brutal lesson about machine guns and artillery. Charging with lance- and sword-armed men, they were mowed down by an enemy they could not even see.

At 10 o'clock on a bright August morning in 1914 eight German cavalrymen wearing ornate helmets and carrying lances trotted grandly up to a French sentry post at a house near the border town of Belfort. A French corporal named André Peugeot yelled out a challenge. The German lieutenant heading the patrol halted, drew his pistol and fired three shots. The first bullet smashed into a poplar tree, the second ripped into Peugeot's chest, the third splintered a plum tree. Peugeot managed to hoist his rifle and get off three shots of his own, dropping the German from his horse. Then he lost hold of his rifle, staggered a few steps to the house, and crumpled dead on the doorstep. The First World War had started.

Five weeks before, a 19-year-old Slav named Gavrilo Princip had assassinated the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo. Austria blamed the attack on



MUSEE DE L'ARMEE, LES INVALIDES, PARIS

Serbia; ultimatum and counterultimatum flashed across Europe. Austria-Hungary declared war on Serbia. Russia mobilized to protect its ally, Serbia. Germany came to the aid of its ally, Austria, by threatening to march against Russia and her ally France. Britain vowed to fight if Germany invaded Belgium. Germany ignored the warning. By Aug. 4, two days after the German officer shot down Corporal Peugeot, Austria-Hungary, Serbia, France, Belgium, Britain, Russia and Germany were officially at war. That war, which started 50 years ago this summer, lays claim to many firsts: It spread to 28 countries on six continents, and its battles flared on land from Tsingtau, China, to the African coast, by sea from Jutland to the Falkland Islands. It killed more men than any previous war, and it was the first war to suck in whole nations, including civilians. It raised the U.S. to a pinnacle of

power, unleashed Communism—shaping the world of crisis that we know today.

On Aug. 4 the massive right wing of the German army shouldered into Belgium, swinging west to the English Channel and down into the heart of France. Sweeping the French and British armies before it, it came within 30 miles of Paris. There, at the River Marne, 6,000 French troops, rushed to the front in Paris taxicabs, finally helped stop the Germans. The Allied and German armies, weary and confused, then pushed northward, each trying to slide around the other's northern flank. After three weeks of indecisive battle, the exhausted armies faced each other across a 350-mile stretch of trenches and barbed wire from Switzerland to the North Sea.

The red pantaloons of the French infantry (opposite page) eventually gave

way to less visible gray-blue. The cavalry horses snorted useless behind the lines, replaced by the mechanized cavalry of the industrial age—the tank. The trench line, unbreachable by either side, became at points an inferno of shellfire into which the Germans, French and British poured a whole generation of young men. The war, fought by conscripted masses, settled down to mud, machine guns, artillery and gas—a true hell shown by Georges Leroux in his painting, *L'Enfer*, on the preceding pages. Both sides tried out new weapons—airplanes, land mines, flame throwers, tanks—that would be the working tools of the next world war. And the world first learned the phrases that are commonplace today: dogfight, no man's land, strafing.

For three and a half years no effort—and at times the cost was 50,000 deaths a day—could push the Western Front

trench line more than 10 miles in either direction. Never had so many men faced each other in so costly a siege. Attrition became a ruthless strategy, and soldiers spoke with horror the names of once quiet towns—Ypres, Arras, Passchendaele, Verdun—where battles were fought and refought, but never won.

It was in Europe, on the Western Front (see maps at end of this article) that the war was largely fought and finally decided. In this opening instalment of a major series on the First World War, LIFE tells the story of the Western Front. Later instalments will cover the fighting on other fronts. They will show the war in the air and at sea. One will tell of the Americans' role in the war, and the last will show the scars of war that still remain. In this instalment, as in all others, paintings, photographs and quotations are the work of men who lived through the war.





REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE NATIONAL ARMY MUSEUM, LONDON

In one of the war's last trenchless skirmishes crack British troops routed six-foot-plus Prussian guardsmen at Ypres three months after the German invasion.

A month later the few survivors of this encounter were dodging shells in the trenches, and their marksmanship and skill at open fighting no longer mattered.

A Belgian lieutenant named Jules Duvivier taught attacking Germans in 1915 that a machine gun can hold off a battalion of infantry. When the Germans

stormed across a canal into the French and British lines at Ypres, Duvivier and another machine gun team stalled them long enough for defenders to strike back.



ROYAL ARTS HALLWAY, BRUSSELS



'Our rapid fire was appalling, even to us'

THE EARLY SURPRISES

The early weeks brought the biggest shocks and the first hints that this would be a long and very different war. The Germans pushed into France, the French attacked in Lorraine and the Ardennes. A German army of 2 million men confronted 1.3 million Frenchmen. The generals on both sides, faced with the totally new problems of mass warfare, placed their reliance on the traditional weapons they had been brought up on. In spite of the steadily growing mounds of corpses, they sent men armed with sabres, rifles and bayonets against machine guns and artillery.

The French generals, in fact, relied with tragic naïveté on their favorite word: *clan*—spirit, ardor, guts. With an almost mystical faith in *clan* the French set out to win the war speedily by attacking doggedly and refusing to retreat. They were

introduced to machine guns at Morhange a few days after the invasion. The chief of the French infantry had promised they would "not make the slightest difference to anything." French troops, sparkling with *clan*, rushed row after row into German machine gun fire. They fell, row on row, piling up on each other, as commanders in the rear continued to send on the infantry, charging with bayonets fixed and falling before the withering fire. By the end of the first two weeks the French were losing 15,000 men every day.

But the Germans themselves failed to recognize fully the deadliness of the new weapon. They had mistakenly assumed, as had the French, that the war would be brief and fought with neat rows of troops and officers in white gloves and plumed helmets. They underrated not only the machine gun—their most valuable weapon—but also the light, fast-firing cannon known as the "French 75" which, more

than anything else, stopped the German charges.

An officer described German soldiers killed by a battery of 75s in the Lorraine: "Thousands of dead were still standing, supported as if by a flying buttress made of bodies lying in rows on top of each other. . . ."

The British, for a very brief while, faced war with a country squire sort of sportiveness. A British captain named C. S. Baines (he is the man with a hat and pistol below the center tree in the painting at the top of the opposite page) found the fighting at Ypres much like shooting birds. "We were to charge over the open space between us and the wood and clear the wood of the Germans. . . . When we got into the wood, I was bewildered to find so many Germans there. . . . I don't think I missed one German that I fired at on this day. . . . The huge bulk of the average Prussian guardsman made an easy target, even on the run.

. . . The Boches kept on breaking cover just in front of me up the ridge and giving me wonderful shooting. . . . Hudson [one of his men] was with me on the ridge and had shots when a bunch came out. But if a single one appeared he invariably shouted, "Your bird, Sir."³

A British corporal at the battle of Mons on August 23 experienced an even more plentiful supply of targets: "Our rapid fire was appalling, even to us, and the worst marksman could not miss, as he had only to fire into the 'brown' of the masses of the unfortunate enemy, who . . . were continually and uselessly reinforced. . . . Such tactics amazed us, and after the first shock of seeing men slowly and helplessly falling down as they were hit gave us a great sense of power and pleasure. It was all so easy." But it was not easy for long.

Shells exploding over a supply unit at the Marne in September 1914 sent soldiers running for cover. The attack killed nine horses and riddled a water cart.



'A sunlit picture of
Hell' at the Somme

OVER THE TOP UNDER FIRE

Both sides saw only one way to snap the taut chain of trenches that cut across Western Europe: batter the enemy with a storm of artillery, then push a wall of infantry through the enemy positions into the open country beyond. The method cost millions of lives and, until massed tanks joined the attack in 1918, it never really worked. The Germans, fighting hotly on the Eastern Front, remained on the defensive in the West and encouraged the Allies to waste themselves in suicidal attacks against strong positions. In September 1915 the French fought vainly to break the German lines in Champagne and, aided by the British, in Artois. In 1916 the French, pounded by the Germans at Verdun, begged the British to step up plans for a gigantic attack at the river Somme.

The British obliged and on July 1 made their strongest and costliest thrust at the German line. At 7:30 a.m. 100,000 men jammed into 18 miles of front climbed over the top of their trenches and charged across the no man's land (above) that lay between the lines. By nightfall 60,000 were dead, wounded or captured, and by November the casualty figures for both sides had reached 1.2 million—the highest for any battle ever fought.

The pictures on these pages show the first moments of that battle. The man who took them described it: "They went over as one man. . . . Numbers were shot down before they reached the top of the parapet. . . . They went across the ground in swarms. . . . I could see them strewn all over the ground, swept down by the accurate machine gun fire. . . . Shell after shell crashed in the middle of them, leaving ghastly gaps, but other men quickly

filled them up, passing through the smoke, and over the bodies of their comrades. . . ."

British poet Siegfried Sassoon, serving as an officer, was there: "Our men . . . go steadily on to the German front line. Brilliant sunshine and a haze of smoke drifting along the landscape. Some Yorkshiremen cheering as if at a football match. . . . The sunlight flashes on bayonets. . . . Shrapnel bursting in small bluish-white puffs with tiny flashes. The birds seem bewildered; a lark begins to go up and then flies feebly along, thinking better of it. . . . I am staring at a sunlit picture of Hell. . . ."

German troops set machine guns in the craters around their trenches. "When the leading British line was within 100 yards," wrote a German officer, "the rattle of machine gun and rifle fire broke out from along the whole line of craters. . . . Men could be seen throwing their arms into the air and collapsing. . . . Wounded rolled about in their agony. . . . But the infantry rushed forward with fixed bayonets."

A British sergeant in the attack: "All at once machine guns opened up. . . . and we were caught in the open. . . . Jerry was popping up. . . . behind and on our flanks and throwing grenades at us from all angles. . . . [German] wounded were everywhere, and [our] dead were heaped on top of each other where the machine guns caught them. . . . In places they were three to four deep. . . . Shell holes were full of wounded. . . . You might be talking to a man one minute, the next minute he was dead at your feet, and . . . soon blown to pieces. . . . We were relieved about 11 p.m. I had gone over the top happy and cheerful with thousands of others, and here I was tumbling back into our trenches alone."



These pictures, taken from motion picture film shot during the Somme attack, show what happened in the first few moments. The scrub-covered battlefield (see

panorama, above) stretched from the British trenches up a gently rising slope to hidden German trenches some 300 yards away. For 48 hours—terrible



Bayonets fixed, the men stumbled over barbed wire in front of their trenches (above) and headed for the German lines. Shells burst overhead and machine gun

bullets raked the wire. One wounded soldier, at the far right in the pictures above, lost his helmet and collapsed over the wire. Another man to his left was hit



rain postponed the attack—the civilian soldiers of Britain's freshly assembled army waited nervously for orders to advance. As they waited, 1,500 guns pound-

ed the German troops, most of them toughened veterans deeply entrenched in sturdy dugouts. At exactly 7:30 a.m. British officers blew whistles, and the

men went over the top. An officer in the first picture above leaped to the top of the trench and with a wave of his cane ordered his men forward. One soldier was



hit the moment he stuck his head over the trench and fell back into the mud. His comrades rushed on, headed for the first obstacle—their own barbed wire.



(first picture) and crumpled sideways onto his elbow. Once past the wire, the survivors strung out almost shoulder to shoulder in long, rigid lines. Loaded down

with 66 pounds of equipment, encouraged by a lot of rum before the attack, the men advanced at a slow walk into the hail of bullets. Some cheered. One shout-

ed, "This way to eternity." The attack—foolishly conceived yet heroically pursued by the troops—failed murderously. It was, said historian B. H. Liddell Hart,



a disastrous event in a year that marked "the revival of formations that were akin to the 18th Century in their formalism and lack of maneuvering power."



'The earth trembles and shakes like a jelly'

BIG GUNS—AND MUD

Up and down the long line men stood shouting, men jerked triggers, muzzles roared and recoiled, shells leapt to open breech, breech-blocks twirled home, gunners—knees astride—clung to rocking seats. And round the rocking, roaring guns, deslensed men still toiled with pick and shovel at the sandbag epaulments."

A British soldier's words pictured the miles-long rows of artillery that pounded the Western Front. At times howitzers, mortars and field guns raged only 20 feet apart over nine miles of front; as many as 2,250 guns focused on one tiny stretch of trenches. Artillery barrages preceding attacks were intricately planned and timed

to the minute. At the Somme the British perfected the "creeping barrage," a curtain of exploding shells that crept toward enemy lines ahead of advancing infantry.

After three years of shellfire nothing remained in many areas but a morass of mud. "Imagine a fertile countryside," wrote a British general in Flanders, "dot-

ted every few hundred yards with peasant farms and an occasional hamlet. . . . Then imagine this same countryside battered, beaten and torn by a torrent of shell and explosive . . . without intermission for nearly three years, the soil shaken and reshaken, fields tossed into new and fantastic shapes, roads blotted out from the landscape, houses and hamlets pounded into dust so thoroughly that no man could point to where they had stood. . . . Then came the incessant rain. . . . Water poured into the trenches . . . and they became impassable for troops; nor was it possible to walk over the open field—men staggered warily over duckboard tracks. Wounded men falling headlong into the



Shirtless in the May heat, a swarm of British artillerymen (*left*) rush through smoke and noise to feed shells into an eight-inch howitzer near Arras in 1917.

British stretcher-bearers (*above*) plod through the knee-deep mud of Flanders to bring in a wounded soldier during the Battle of Pilchém Ridge in August 1917.

Kneeling on wooden "duckboards" laid across the mud at Chateau Wood in 1917, a soldier (*below*) collects identification papers from a dead comrade.



shell-holes were in danger of drowning. Guns sank, rifles caked and would not fire. . . . No battle in history was ever fought under such conditions. . . ."

One of the millions of soldiers who did fight under such conditions tells what it was like in no man's land during an attack. "All the while shells are screaming over our heads, throwing up great gyres of mud all around us. . . . There is a cry for help. The section which includes Dave Barney has been buried by a shell. . . . We dig them out again. . . . Ten minutes later they are all blown up and buried again. . . . Dave is the only one of them left alive. . . . We moved forward. . . . We fell into mud and writhed out again like wasps

crawling out of plums. . . . Shrapnel was bursting not much more than face high, and the liquid mud from ground shells was going up in clouds and coming down in rain. . . . The dead and wounded were piled on each other's backs. . . . I suddenly found myself in the air, all arms and legs. I landed on all fours . . . sprawling across

the backs of the rest of the section." A German recalled feeding the guns that blasted the British assault and getting shelled in return: "The whole place is . . . mud, churned up to a depth of 15 feet or more. . . . The earth trembles and shakes like a jelly. . . . We crouch between mountains of ammunition (some of us up

to our knees in water) and fire and fire, while all around us shells upon shells plunge into the mire, shatter our emplacements, root up trees, flatten the house behind us. . . . The barrel is red-hot; the cases are still burning hot when we take them out of the breach; and still the one and only order is 'Fire! Fire! Fire!'



Australians in August 1918 rest in a captured German trench (above), smoking cigars they found there and ignoring the bodies of unsuccessful defenders.

British soldiers slept in muddy shelves chopped into the earth (below) during the four-month battle of the Somme in 1916. In another battle at the Somme

two years later, French machine gunners guarding a road near Roye (right) were looked over by a wounded British soldier who was on his way by litter to the rear.



They made tea in hot machine guns

LIFE IN THE TRENCHES

The men who fought in the trenches had one thing in common—none had guessed how bad it would be. Some arrived in their early teens, others were over 60. Some had only three weeks' training. Some had never even seen a rifle range. New officers often showed up with glistening sabers freshly sharpened and were shocked to spend weeks beneath a cascade of shells a mile from the nearest enemy soldier.

The world has never seen, before or since, trenches like those on the Western Front. They led, one into the other, for hundreds of miles—front-line trenches, reserve trenches, interlacing communication trenches, all tied together in huge city-like networks and labeled with the names of home-town streets. Over and over the trenches were built, demolished and rebuilt. Soldiers slept in holes scraped in the trench walls and on cots squeezed into dugouts. Engineers—sappers, they were called—tunneled beneath no man's land to plant mines under enemy trenches, and sometimes encountered hostile tunnelers headed the other way.

The lessons of survival in trenches were quickly learned. No orchestra conductor ever studied the delicate nuances of collected sounds more closely than the soldiers on the Western Front. "We can sort out all the different explosions," wrote English poet Robert Graves in his book *Goodbye to All That*. "and disregard whichever don't concern us—such as the artillery duel, machine gun fire at the next company to us, desultory rifle fire. But we pick out at once the faint plip! of the mortar that sends off a sausage, or the muffled rifle noise when a grenade is fired." Bullets were different. They could not be dodged. "Rifle bullets in the open went hissing into the grass without much noise," wrote Graves, "but when we were in a trench, the bullets made a tremendous crack as they went over the hollow. Bullets often struck the barbed wire in front of the trenches, which sent them spinning in a head-over-heels motion—ping! rockety-ockety-ockety-ockety into the woods behind."

The heavy shellfire made supply almost impossible. Carrying parties lugging up ammunition, food and fuel moved only at night and often vanished before they reached the trenches. To keep warm men burned the crosses from graves; to make tea they boiled water by circulating it in the cooling systems of machine guns fired at random over the enemy trenches. One of the worst shortages of all was sleep. During the day men struggled to repair the damaged trenches and kept an eye out

for surprise attacks. At night they raided enemy trenches, repaired the barbed wire in front of their own trenches, retrieved wounded from no man's land and stood lookout. Men learned to sleep while working, even in the roar of artillery fire. A man filling a sand bag suddenly discovered that the soldier holding it open for him had fallen sound asleep. "I could fall asleep," wrote Graves, "sitting down, standing, marching, lying on a stone floor, or in any other position, at a moment's notice at any time of day or night."

Rats became a menace almost as unnerving as the enemy. They fed on unburied corpses that surrounded and sometimes filled the trenches. Men eating in dugouts took potshots at rats crawling along the wooden supports. When a new officer joined Graves's company he was given a dug-out with a spring bed. "When he turned in that night, he heard a scuffling, shone his torch on the bed, and found two rats on his blankets tussling for the possession of a severed hand. This story circulated as a great joke."

Men grew accustomed to the casual presence of dead flesh. In one trench, said British writer Gerald Brenan, "the dried up hand of a dead German or Frenchman jutted out from the wall and some of the men when they passed by shook it to bring good luck." A British corporal, whose closeness to corpses had driven him to humor, wrote his aunt, "Dear auntie, this leaves me in the pink. We are at present wading in blood up to our necks. Send me fags and a life-belt. This war is a booger. Love and Kisses."

Great risks were sometimes taken to retrieve wounded stranded in no man's land. Siegfried Sassoon tells how he decided to go after a wounded man who had been abandoned by returning members of a night patrol. He climbed in rain and darkness along the slushy slopes of craters close enough to the enemy to hear

rifle bolts click. He finally found the man, dragged him out of the crater and got him to a trench.

Patrols were always going out into no man's land to get information about the enemy. Stealth was important, and for weapons men resorted to bayonets, clubs and kitchen knives taped to the ends of broomsticks. Before going out men pooled their money to be divided among survivors. One night Graves went with a sergeant to determine if an enemy trench was occupied after dark. With toothless socks pulled over their bare knees to protect them from scrapes, the men crawled from their trench. "We went 10 yards at a time, slowly, not on all fours, but wriggling flat along the ground. After each movement we lay and watched for about 10 minutes.

We crawled through our own wire entanglements and along a dry ditch; ripping our clothes on more barbed wire, glaring into the darkness until it began turning round and round. Once I snatched my fingers in horror from where I had planted them on the slimy body of an old corpse.

... We found the gap in the German wire and at last came within five yards of the sapshead [the end of a trench]. We waited quite 20 minutes, listening for any signs of its occupation. Then I nudged Sergeant Townsend and, revolver in hand, we wriggled quickly forward and slid into it." The trench was unoccupied, and Graves returned safely to his trench.

Patrols sometimes gave way to direct conversations as a method of obtaining information from the enemy. Soldiers shouted at each other across no man's land, hoping to taunt the enemy into answering. Friendly messages were sometimes sent in unexploded rifle grenades (one reported the safety of a pet dog that had strayed over from the enemy side). And on the first Christmas of the war, in 1914, men on both sides climbed out of their trenches and met in no man's land to talk, sing and swap souvenirs and cigarettes.

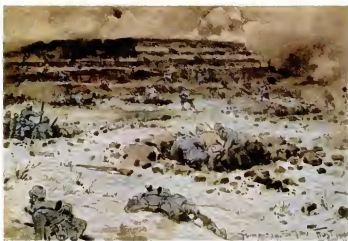
Wounded Australians filled a dressing station at the third battle of Ypres in 1917. The three-month battle—fought in rain and deep mud—cost 508,320 men and moved the front line only five miles. An officer visiting the swamplike front burst into tears and cried, "Good God, did we really send men to fight in that?"





Flame throwers, introduced by Germans the first day of the battle, panicked troops on both sides. A French officer and 36 men surrendered in terror to one

flame thrower detachment. German soldiers were equally horrified when men carrying the weapons spun around when wounded, scorching comrades behind.



Assault troops, charging from shell hole to shell hole, climbed the exterior of Fort Vaux but were driven back by French machine guns. German head-

quarters, thinking the fort taken, sent in an scouting force—and lost almost every man. Three months later the fort fell in the incredible siege described below.

A grisly plan almost makes two armies 'bleed to death'

OPEN WOUND AT VERDUN

At Verdun, in 1916, the French and Germans fought the longest battle in history. It went on for 10 months, and at its peak a French soldier crouching in the mud under an artillery barrage moaned that the enemy had pointed "one cannon at each one of us." Three fourths of the entire French army fought at Verdun, and there were enough guns on both sides to pile up more bodies per square yard than had probably ever been known before in the history of warfare.

Four thousand cannons poured shells onto Verdun, and to escape them men mutinied against their officers, intentionally shot themselves and ate the decaying flesh of dead horses. One regiment lost 21 runners in three hours. A soldier cried to a friend, "If it goes on like this we shan't have a man left after the war."

The wholesale slaughter was the result of careful planning. A year after the war started General Erich von Falkenhayn, Chief of the German General Staff, had seen the futility of trying to break through the Allied trench line. He suggested instead attacking a position so essential to the French defense that she would fight to the last man to hold it. As the Germans hammered at that position, argued Falkenhayn, the French would pour their men into it and "the forces of France will bleed to death." The fortress-ringed city of Verdun, 137 miles east of Paris, was chosen as the

battleground. Around Verdun, Germany set up 1,220 guns and lugged in 2.5 million shells in 1,300 munitions trains. The French general headquarters, hard up for heavy artillery, had removed most of the guns from the forts, explaining to the uneasy defenders, "You will not be attacked. Verdun is not the point of the attack."

The French commanders learned how badly mistaken they had been when, on Feb. 21, the German barrage began. One key point—an area the size of 50 city blocks—exploded under an avalanche of 80,000 heavy shells. "It's done," a German reconnaissance flier reported that afternoon. "We can pass, there's nothing living there anymore." The barrage lifted at 4 p.m. and German troops moved in. They met the survivors of two French divisions. For the next several months both sides threw soldiers and shells at each other with such rapidity and violence that key hills and villages changed hands as many as 13 times a month.

The Germans had been right—France could not give up Verdun without losing the war. The French battalions hung on grimly, echoing the phrase of their commanding general, Philippe Pétain: "They shall not pass."

The blood France poured into Verdun flowed along an artery that became one of the great legends of the war—the Voie



MAISON DE L'ARTISTE, LES NOUVEAUX, PARIS

Sacré, the Sacred Way. It was the only road into the city that could not be reached by the German guns. The French army grabbed vegetable trucks from the streets of Paris to help assemble a fleet of 12,000 vehicles. Men drove 75 hours without a break. In one week 190,000 soldiers jolted to the trenches over the road's 35 miles. Alistair Horne, in his book *The Price of Glory*, quoted a man who said the procession at night looked like "the folds of some gigantic and luminous serpent which never stopped and never ended."

The battlefields supplied by the Voie Sacrée surrounded the forts embracing the

French soldiers and supplies—2,000 tons a day—rained to Verdun along the Voie Sacré. When the road froze, trucks skidded off the side and occasionally

city of Verdun and produced some of the most incredible legends of the war. Douaumont, the largest of the forts, was a massive complex of heavily armed concrete and steel. It had been considered the most impregnable bastion in the world. Yet it was occupied without a shot—by a German sergeant. On Feb. 25 Sgt. Felix Kunze and nine men had approached the fortress while clearing barbed wire from the path of attacking troopers. Kunze nar-



Machine guns ripped into Allied lines many times at Verdun and were to do so with even greater deadliness the next summer at the Somme (above). There

the Germans dragged their guns into dugouts and hauled them out when the shelling stopped. Allied generals then marched men at them by the thousands.



On its way across no man's land to raid a French trench at Verdun, a German patrol dugged the ground during a barrage. Guns and wire littered the battle-

field. This painting and four others to the left and below are the work of German war artist Martin Frost, who spent four years painting on the Western Front.



caught fire. During periods of thaw, mud oozed 18 inches deep while men stood shoulder to shoulder and shoveled gravel under the wheels of mired trucks.

veyed the fort's forbidding bulge of wine, guns and barricades—and with fantastic presumption decided to attack it. He cut his way through the barbed wire, charged past a barrier of spiked railings, across a 24-foot-deep moat, up a 12-foot-wall into a gun embrasure and from there squeezed into the fort. He then pried open a steel door to admit the only two men still with him. He wandered along the echoing hallways of the two-story subterranean interi-

or and finally, alone, barged in on four French soldiers firing the fort's largest cannon. He yelled, "Hands up!" Astonished, the men surrendered. Kunze repeated the stunt in a room full of 20 soldiers, and then paused to feast on wine and eggs in the officers' mess. Unwittingly, the heroic sergeant had benefited from the over-optimism of the French command, who had stripped the fort of 442 of its 500 defenders. In the estimate of one Allied general, this economy in manpower ultimately cost the lives of 100,000 Frenchmen.

Three months after Douaumont's ignominious capture, another fort—Verdun's



German mine throwers showered the trenches with canisters packed with 100 pounds of explosives and such unsavory scraps as clock springs, nails and false

teeth. Men could see the cans coming in time to run and sometimes fired at them. But they blasted huge sections of trench, killing soldiers too slow-footed to escape.

smallest—won fame by putting up one of the most heroic defenses of the war. Fort Vaux, sheltering 600 men, was stormed by German troops after a devastating 2,000-shells-an-hour barrage. In early morning darkness the attackers swarmed over the parapets, dropping bundles of hand grenades into the fort through gun holes. They stuck in flame thrower nozzles and filled the fort with thick black smoke. By late afternoon they had managed to penetrate into two of the corridors. The defenders, led by a major named Sylvain-Eugene Raynal, blocked the corridors with sand-bag barricades. Each time the Germans tried to remove a barricade they were hit by point-blank machine gun fire from another barricade farther back. Foot by foot German soldiers blasted their way through the smoke-choked passageways. Machine guns flashed in the dark, bullets ricocheted from the walls and the dead piled up to rot in the June heat. On the fourth night the French ran out of water. Relief counterattacks, promised every day by signals from a nearby fort, did not ar-

rive. The defenders, many of whom were horribly burned, lay in the dark corridors choking and vomiting. Crazed with thirst, they licked slime off the walls and drank their urine. Seven days after the attack began, Major Raynal surrendered. The Germans had suffered 2,678 casualties and advanced only 40 yards up the corridors. The French lost 100 dead and wounded. The German commander, awed by this feat, rushed Raynal directly to Crown Prince William in Stenay. The crown prince praised the defenders and, as a gesture of military respect, awarded Raynal the sword of another captured officer.

After months of fighting, a pilot who flew over Verdun said, "Every sign of humanity has been swept away . . . roads have vanished like chalk wiped from a blackboard." On July 11, the Germans finally stopped their attacks. French assaults dwindled with the approaching winter, and by December the battle of Verdun was over. After 10 months and 976,000 total casualties, the front line had moved less than four miles.



MUSEE DE L'ARMEE, LES INVALIDES, PARIS

Communique: 'There were small encounters'

RAIDING THE RUINS

Nothing of special importance occurred during the night on the British front. There were small encounters between our own and the enemy's patrols." (British communique, July 31, 1917)

Official dispatches from the front sometimes painted a deceptive picture of peace

and inactivity. Civilians at home rarely understood what the war was like even in the so-called quiet sectors. Small forces infiltrated minor strong points, like the Plessis-de-Roye estate, and fought small but often deadly battles for them. Patrols sought out enemy positions, probed weak

spots in the line, harassed troops and brought back prisoners for interrogation. A British officer named Gerald Brennan tells in *A Life of One's Own* how he led one of these night patrols into an enemy-held village. "It did not look as if we would have more than 40 or 50 men to deal with in

this village and most of these would be resting within doors, because the Germans relied for defending the place on their machine guns." A German walked out of a building and started toward the patrol. Brennan covered him with his revolver and said in German, "Hands up." But he paid no attention. "Slowly and deliberately he unslung his rifle from his shoulder and raised it to aim at me. . . I heard someone behind me call, 'Shoot, sir, shoot.' But it was the German who shot and I felt a blow in the side and fell over saying, 'I'm hit.' Two of my men leaped forward and either shot or



boyoneted him. . . . And so we all began to run out across the field toward the French lines. . . . About 50 yards on there lay a dead cow and we threw ourselves down behind it just as a machine gun began to open fire. As we did so a dozen rats leaped out of its belly and scurried away over our backs. There we lay for a long time, pressed into the earth with the bullets, each time the gun traversed, passing just over us, almost shaving us, their notes suddenly altering when they slashed through the carcass of the cow, until at length, the fire having ceased, we thought it safe to wriggle slowly off on our bellies."

German dead lay sprawled over barbed wire after a bitter battle for a walled estate in Plessis-de-Roye in 1918. The Germans had entered the park a few days before, but the French recaptured it and kept the Germans at bay with guns fired through holes in the wood and stone.

These pictures show what actually happened on a routine patrol. Seven British soldiers left their trench to reconnoiter in the town of Albert. They crawled into a house where one was shot in a doorway. They carried back their casualties—three wounded, one killed.





HOESES DE L'ARMÉE, LES INVALIDES, PARIS



British soldiers blinded in a mustard gas attack near Arras 10 weeks before the Armistice stumble to resting places around a dressing station. Germans first used gas successfully three years earlier at Ypres, where Frenchmen fled in panic

before a yellowish-green cloud of chlorine. This painting is by John Singer Sargent, the famous portraitist. He was moved by the wounded but so ignorant of war that he expressed surprise when told that soldiers fought on Sunday.



MUSEE DE L'ARMÉE, LES INVALIDES, PARIS

Carrion crows searched for food over the snow-covered battlefield of Le Chemin des Dunes, scene of France's most demoralizing failure. Outsmarted by the Germans, 30,000 men died in an attack so foolish that it sparked mass mutinies.

Tanks came on to triumph in the wastelands

GRIM DRIVE TO THE END



IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM, MANITARY

French Saint Chamond tanks, armed with a cannon and four machine guns, roll over German machine guns at the Marne in July 1918. Tanks, a British invention, had failed in 1916 when a small number with hastily trained crews were

rushed into battle at the Somme. The next year at Cambrai, 381 tanks temporarily broke the German line, and the Allies ordered hundreds more. The tanks finally proved to be the one weapon that could ram through the German trenches.

After the Armistice masses of German troops trudged back through Belgium to their own frontier and met returning refugees. Sign at right points the way to Liège, captured four years earlier by a German army headed toward France.

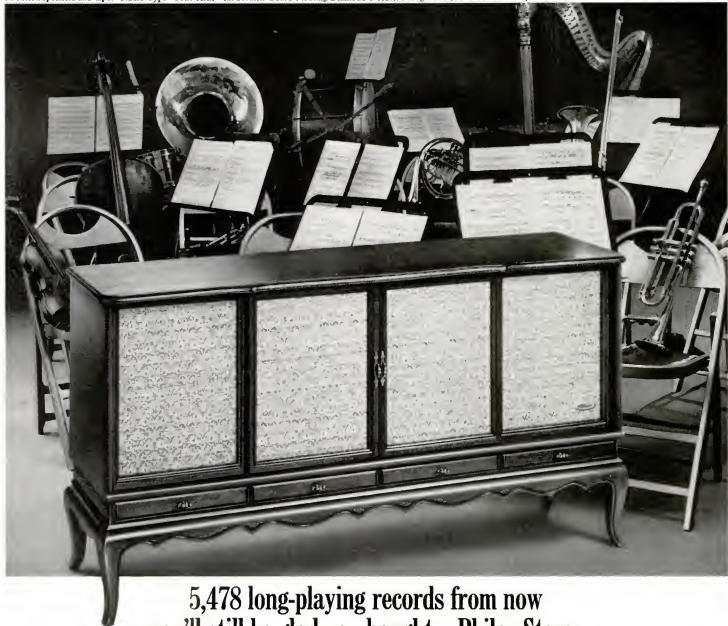


All along the Western front, from Verdun to the North Sea, Allied armies—berfed up with new tanks and fresh American soldiers—smashed through the

German lines in the fall of 1918. At the St. Quentin Canal the victorious British troops spilled over the banks (above) and massed to hear praises from their gen-

eral. Seventy miles away, at a clearing depot (right), their prisoners appeared only a little less pleased than their captors that the war was all but over.

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New Paris designer
is a comer in U.S.

Power of Positive Patches

The young lady on the library ladder can find a much better success story—a rags-to-patches success story—in herself than in any volume on the bookshelves. Emmanuelle Khanh, an 18-year-old Parisian orphan, wanted to become a model. “I opened the phone book under the word *couture* and called the first name on the list—it was Balenciaga.” She got a job and now, seven years later, is a power in France and a comer in the U.S.

After three years of modeling other people's clothes, Emmanuelle decided to design some herself. She turned to ready-to-wear clothes, which in France were a watered-down version of *couture* and the only field for a designer with ideas but no money. She began by selling one skirt to a manufacturer. Now she runs a \$4-million-a-year business and has brought class and status to the entire French ready-to-wear industry. Her designs are offbeat and not intended to be basic. She cuts small armholes, petal-curved skirts, low necklines with droopy collars. But her most unusual effects are achieved with patches used as affirmative accents, generally around hips and shoulders. Her clothes have been snapped up not only in France but in West Germany and England and now the U.S. Last month Emmanuelle came here at the invitation of Macy's and, when not engaged in watching customers eagerly buy her clothes, she modeled the outfits on these pages.

In a New York library Emmanuelle Khanh peers nearsightedly through her heavy glasses. Her suit (\$125) is trimmed with patches, her favorite device which she uses to call attention to the narrow cut of the shoulder, the pocket, the split of the culotte skirt.





A shimmering Emmanuelle wears a ruffle-topped evening dress with a scalloped hemline she designed for herself. The deep scallops look like overlapping petals.

Emmanuelle's U.S. best-seller is flare-skirted navy dress trimmed with gold braid (\$120). Here it is in triplicate at Macy's—on Emmanuelle (right), on a mannequin and on display girl Carol Horn, who bought dress the day it arrived.

One style for herself and three for the crowd







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Sight-seeing in New York. Emmanuelle lunches with her husband, a Vietnamese aristocrat, grandson of

a mandarin. Her suit (\$125) is two-toned patches with a dog-ear collar. In Central Park (above) she runs

in her patchwork tweed coat with open neckline. At Empire State Building she wears a hamster fur coat.



CONTINUED



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PATCHES CONTINUED

'Looking wealthy is obsolete'

Though she has childish fun clowning in her husband's new Stetson (*below*), Emmanuelle Khanh is deadly serious about her profession and her belief in ready-to-wear. "The couture is dead," she says, just like the only couture designer she admires, Chanel.

She is scornful of the great Balenciaga, her former boss. "Other models were shaking silly with admiration; I was bored. Balenciaga treated us like chairs and I think the fact that he couldn't care less about us—women—reflects on the way he creates dresses. It doesn't make a woman alive and pretty; it makes her look wealthy and that

to me is completely obsolete.

"People say that Balenciaga and Givenchy clothes are beautifully cut, but it is easy to do a beautiful cut when you change a woman into a cylinder.

"My clothes should make a woman feel pretty and that is where my constructed patchworks come in. They are put to replace seams, to make movements easy and to stress them.

"I thought before coming to New York that my clothes would be better on American girls because they were longer, leaner than Europeans. But they are really just the same. Actually that is the strongest impression of my visit. Nothing is that different in New York from Paris."



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Wisconsin family reports on flameless electric home heating

"LIVING THIS FAR NORTH, WE REALLY APPRECIATE THE COMFORT AND ECONOMY OF ELECTRIC HEAT"

Mr. and Mrs. John Koenitzer of Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, talk about the benefits of heating their home with flameless electricity

"With temperatures that often run as low as twenty below zero, the winters here in Wisconsin can get pretty rugged at times," reports John Koenitzer. "But fortunately, four years ago we found the answer.

"That's when we built our own home, having first looked into the advantages of flameless electric heat. Now we can't imagine how we ever got along without it.

"Actually, both my wife and I already had a fair idea of how clean electric heat is. But we never realized—until we experienced it for ourselves—just how comfortable it is as well. Even on the coldest days, it's really like springtime inside our home. In fact, when we first wake up, it's always so pleasant

that it's hard to know what the weather's like outside.

"Of course, equally important for us is the fact that we've found we can count on electric heat for dependable, trouble-free performance—with no worries about running out of fuel! And we've been completely satisfied as far as cost is concerned: all in all, electric heat is giving us far better value for our money than any system we've ever had."

Candid opinions like this help to explain why more than a million families all across America have chosen this modern way to heat their homes. If you're planning to build, buy or modernize, consider the advantages of flameless electric home heating for your own family. Your local electric utility company will help you get all the information you need to take this important step toward the joy of total electric living.

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"ELECTRIC HEAT IS SO EVEN and so free of drafts that even baby Jason can play anywhere on the floor without my having to worry," says Joyce Koenitzer, shown here in the living room of their home. Other members of the Koenitzer household include (foreground) daughters Judith, 5, and Janet, 7, and (background) sons Judson, 8, and Jeffrey, 10, husband John, and boxer Jocko, 6.



INDIVIDUAL TEMPERATURE CONTROLS in each room allow the Koenitzers to adjust the electric heating in each room separately to exactly the level they desire: warmer in the living room, cooler in the bedrooms.

RADIANT ELECTRIC WALL PANEL UNITS like the one shown here heat the entire Koenitzer home efficiently and economically. Mrs. Koenitzer cites the white curtains in the background as one of the benefits of electric heat, reporting that for the first time, she finds light-colored draperies and furnishings practical.



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Control systems are available for either hot water or warm air heating in which flameless electric units supply the heat.

With 'Why?' as



The intensity of the education process reflects in the faces of Mrs. Miller (above) and her students. At right, David Kessler (holding paper) raises a question about a history essay test. Virginia Norton

and Michael Kurtz follow his argument closely, preparing to weigh in with their own opinions. Mrs. Miller tries always to get students to reason for themselves, encourages them to learn from each other.



The Rewards of a Great Teacher

by RICHARD
MERYMAN

Mrs. Henrietta Miller stands in front of a paper-heaped desk in the north wing of Chicago's vast Senn High School. She is a large woman, a trifle ungainly on thin legs. Her friendly eyes fairly snap with animation as she presides over the apparent anarchy of a truly

extraordinary history classroom.

The topic under discussion—history source books and the importance of keeping file cards on them—would seem conducive to daydreaming, perhaps even dozing. For a time Mrs. Miller seems not to be teaching at all, merely asking questions as the half-formed thoughts of the students rattle around disjointedly like dice in a shaker. But there is little boredom

among the 30 juniors and seniors in Room 249. No one seems aware of the yelps from the gym class in the dusty quadrangle below the classroom windows or the periodic bellow of jet airliners entering and leaving the air traffic pattern of O'Hare International Airport.

As the class discussion continues, Mrs. Miller moves about the room. Sometimes she sits by her desk (never behind it), stands in

her watchword, Henrietta Miller of Chicago's
Senn High fires her students with the excitement of history



the back of the room, even sits in a vacant desk amid the students. Her punctuating questions begin to nudge her, clarify a bit there.

She is challenging the students. "Now why are we concerned about our sources of information?" she asks. "Mark, are you concerned?" ... "Oh?" ... "Any other reasons? We can get more specific." ... "Why worry about the author, the point of view, your reaction to the source?" ... "Do you think you could be brainwashed? What's brainwashed?" ... "Ah!" ... "That's right, make you believe almost anything, everything, that

you had believed was untrue." ... "What do you think, Mickey?"

After 20 minutes of group groping and flailing, Mickey comes up with an answer: "If you believe everything everybody tells you, you're actually a puppet. If you think things out for yourself and make your own conclusions, then you're an individualist." Mrs. Miller smiles with delight. A student presenting a sound idea in teen-age terms is, she believes, more eloquent for the class than she can ever be. This is the way she teaches.

Whatever bones other educators may have to pick with the teaching techniques of this deceptively ordinary-looking schoolmarm, they do

it with utmost respect. For, by any measure yet applied, Henrietta Miller is a great teacher.

She has received three awards in Chicago, including, this past fall, the Kate Mearns Dedicated Teacher Award, \$500 towards a summer trip wherever she wants to go. She pioneered the Advanced Placement Program in Chicago schools, which allows able and ambitious students to take college level work for credit, and she started an elective course in international relations. It was later expanded and adapted for use elsewhere in the school system. Her salary is

\$9,995 a year—top pay in Chicago schools. Dr. Charles R. Keller, a former Williams College history professor who is in charge of the search for the nation's top educators for the prestigious John Hay Fellowships, tells all who will listen that Mrs. Miller is just about the best teacher he has ever seen.

Of far more direct import to laymen—and to Mrs. Miller—are the accolades, some of them wholly inadvertent, from the teen-agers who pass through her five classes at the rate of 150 per day.

"I hate this class, I positively hate it," mourned a pretty youngster to her friend as they took their seats in Room 249. "It's too

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*'I want them to be just
a little bewildered'*

GREAT TEACHER

CONTINUED

interesting—it makes me work."

Another girl says, "She's always asking 'Why?' 'Why?' That makes you do the same thing to your fellow students. And Mrs. Miller just stands there beaming while the arguments fly back and forth. She gets so much enjoyment, and you feel kind of maternal toward her. All you can do is try to join in."

Henrietta Miller has set herself the goal of teaching young, often indifferent minds the painful process of analytical thinking. She considers her biggest weapon to be freedom—"freedom of inquiry into anything, freedom to discuss their findings, the freedom to make up your own mind as well as the freedom to change your mind."

Mrs. Miller refuses to go over the factual "story," as she calls it. "Why should I spend my time giving students what they can get in books?" she asks. "I always take the position that we are learning together and I must never slip into the role they expect me to play—the superhuman being who can meet all their questions with the truth." Instead, Mrs. Miller fires back her own questions.

An average class may open thus: "Tom, what happened at Waterloo?"—and take off from there. "Would you say it was just the end of Napoleon or the end of an era?" "Do the codes of the French Revolution influence us today?" "How?" "Why?" And so on, to the bell.

Such questions spring from the students' current reading, but they will lead anywhere the class wants to go. A discussion of Napoleon's belief in his special destiny soon moves into the question of whether a life is predestined or whether a person has free will. "I ask myself," explains Mrs. Miller, "what in the universal problems that develop in history are the universal truths we can try to grapple with?" "I'm attacking dogmatism," she continues, "the belief that any subject contains final answers. It is painful to see blind, unquestioning faith. If somebody got up in my class and said, 'Personally, I admire Hitler,' it would be very painful for me. But it would be most important to keep from blurring out, 'Oh, but this isn't right!'—and instead to ask why the student came to this conclusion, and then

listen to the development of his thoughts. A teacher is first of all a very, very careful listener."

"Homework," is virtually a misnomer in Mrs. Miller's classes. There are no specific, daily assignments. In an off-hand way she indicates what historical ground will be covered in the next few weeks, or she mentions general areas, such as "absolutism" or "liberty" to read up on. The lists of questions she dictates are study guides and she often suggests sources. But the youngsters can choose any books they wish, including historical novels. They have three basic textbooks all covering the same ground—one very simple, one average and one college level, thus matching the range of the students' abilities. In addition, there is the school library and Mrs. Miller's huge personal book collection, which she lends out to her students. This iconoclastic approach to homework, that bane of the teen-age years, sounds like an invitation to do nothing—but it is the core of Mrs. Miller's technique. And the response she gets from the students indicates anything but indolence.

"You've just got to join in the class discussions," said one of her students. "But you can't join in unless you've done your homework—that's the awful part!"

Like all fine teachers, Henrietta Miller has strong opinions on poor teaching, and little patience for it. "Spoon-feeding," is the term she uses. High grades, she knows, too often are won by parroting back "right" answers and safely approved "truths." Daily assignments are too often mechanical—so many pages in the textbook and answer the questions at the end of the chapter. As a result a reasonably bright child may ease through school by doing little more than cramming for tests; grades, not learning, become the goal of schoolwork. "Mother and Father," says Mrs. Miller, "come home and ask only, 'What grade did you get on your test?' I fight this constantly."

Mrs. Miller thinks that when students get lots of independence, dramatic things can happen. She feels that, released from stifling, lock-step prescriptions of what to read and when, students can follow their natural curiosities—even if it is only the encyclopedic knowledge one girl displayed of Napoleon's romance with Josephine.

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It goes on in the same vein—absolute music to our ears. "I wash and dry laundry by machine

and I have yet to find a polo shirt (of Durene cotton yarn) that has shrunk or stretched. The collars are exactly the same size they were when I bought the garment at the start of the season, the sleeves have no holes at the elbows—nor are they threadbare, the cuffs are not frayed or worn.

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wear—and everyone has the same comment—where did I buy such wonderful items, and were they terribly expensive."

So much for the glad-making part of the letter. It was her postscript that brought a lump to our throats. "P.S. My younger son has only hand-me-downs to look forward to, since all the older child's clothing is still in fine condition—thanks to you."

We wonder how many other boys there must be just like him who end up having to wear the Durene clothes their big brothers outgrew but couldn't wear out.

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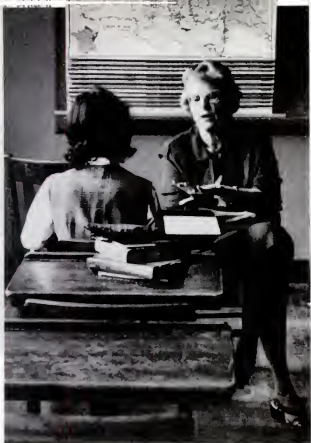


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In tutorial session Helen Epstein talks over an assigned paper with Mrs. Miller.

few signposts, many students begin by floundering. This doesn't bother her at all. "I want them a little bewildered—so they can't stand it until they get things clarified. I'm asking them to be a lot more mature than they want to be."

Probably the most mature class Mrs. Miller teaches is the Advanced Placement (AP) European History class—designed for very bright students doing college-level work. In the spring, members of this class will take the "AP" examination to get college credit for this high school course. Her other classes range from below average to bright students, mostly juniors and seniors. She admits her system does not always work on all of them.

A boy in one class shrugged, "I've had teachers I like better. For instance, our class was talking on philosophies of revolution, something like that. I'd rather, you know, go into the facts. I have another history teacher, he assigns oral book reports for extra credit and then kids give them in front of the room and I can listen to those. He gives assignment sheets with essay questions and words to look up. We do about two a week, look up the answer and write the essay. Then he goes over them in class. I like that better."

True to her loathing of dogmatism, Henrietta Miller would be the last to claim that this student does not conceivably learn more under a different mode of teaching from hers. She merely feels that she cannot pursue any other method satisfactorily. When class dis-

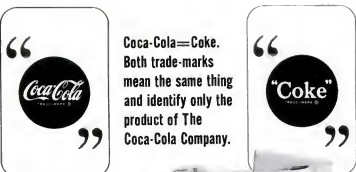
cussion is clicking, she is buoyant: "It must be the way someone feels who water-skis, or the way an artist feels when he's created a work and can stand back and admire it."

She is the first to point out that Senn High School is the professional home of a number of outstanding teachers who employ techniques very different from hers.

There is Margaret Helen Cain, who for 25 years has been turning out splendid English students by, as Miss Cain says, "just pounding and pounding and pounding." There is Terrence Kennedy, whose work with slow learners and foreign-speaking students in basic mathematics could be cited as a model for any school. There is Jules Williams, who excitingly combines the philosophical with the chemical-physical approach to biology.

There are, for that matter, some excellent teachers at Senn and elsewhere to whom Henrietta Miller's classroom techniques are anathema. "I might as well admit it," says one of these, Dan Powell, a fine, intense history teacher who holds forth in the room adjoining Mrs. Miller's. He is her close friend and admirer, but he sums up the argument against her methods: "I'd just go crazy with this business where the kids are sitting around talking in six or seven directions.

CONTINUED



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'You must probe the depths of each intellect, trying to find what is there'

GREAT TEACHER

CONTINUED

I'm too impatient to stand what I consider an exchange of ignorance. I must bring out the point they need to know."

Mrs. Miller disagrees. "We do get to the point eventually, and to me it's more important to get to the point by way of the student's mind. I'm trying to develop his mind, sharpen his mind, make him very curious."

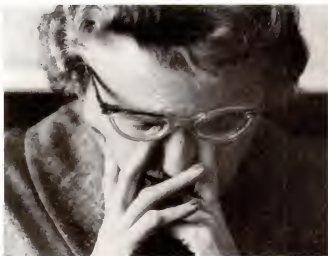
When Mrs. Miller is not "reaching" students, she takes it hard—"I feel this is useless, and I'm impossible. I feel I should have gone into some other profession." She blames herself partly because she is so totally convinced that every youngster has hidden resources and partly because running a class is such an intense experience for her.

"You literally feel," she says, "that every ounce of gray matter and blood is being drained away, that you're actually going to be a vacuum. You're juggling emotions, feeling the impact of 30 or

more students. And to meet your responsibility, you must probe the depths of each intellect, each minute trying to find what is there in knowledge and brains."

For teachers like Mrs. Miller, who can face 150 or more students a day and still think of them as persons, marking daily progress can seem as frustrating as watching grass grow. Only occasionally is there a "victory"—the know-it-all girl who suddenly asks for a conference to work out a study program, the boy silent for weeks who suddenly joins an argument.

Bruce Petoske's breakthrough came after six weeks of silence in Mrs. Miller's history class. Bruce, 18, was a boy who came from a broken home and had knocked around from school to school. In his one previous year at Senn he had made barely passing grades. His hobby was horticulture; his dream, to own a greenhouse. He was dubious about college, fearing that it extended his horizons, his uncomplicated dream would die.



Her energies topped by animated jousts with students, Mrs. Miller rubs her eyes tiredly.

"At first nobody got the point," Bruce recalled. "Mrs. Miller was just a little advanced for some kids, including myself. But it was different because she was saying, 'I don't care how you study, just study'; and I approved of that." But one day, he continued, "she asked me a question and I popped off, and before you knew it one question led to another. That's her way—

before you know it, you have a whole slew of questions on your hands—and you have a whole new interest opened to you and everything's interrelated. I started reading and reading and getting everybody's opinion on things. I never

CONTINUED

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From past experience, a sympathy for rebels

GREAT TEACHER CONTINUED

did that before—just memorized the textbook."

Bruce's new interest took him regularly to the Chicago Public Library, and even to a UNESCO meeting held for teen-agers on the Common Market. "I had no idea all that stuff was going on over there in Europe," he remarked afterward. "It makes you want to think. You have to learn more. You're forced to. And man, all of a sudden it's like looking out in the universe and saying, 'Where does it all end?' The more powerful telescope you get, the more is there."

Once in a while Mrs. Miller doesn't recognize a triumph until long after it has occurred. For example, she once had a student named Jim Sullivan, whom she remembers as almost a nemesis. She still bristles as she describes their first meeting: "He came in, very gruff, and looked at me antagonistically. Out of his wallet he pulled a soiled newspaper clipping about the Advanced Placement Program. He literally threw it at me. 'Can I get into this?' he asked. My first reaction was, 'Why have anything to do with anybody so discourteous, so crude?'"

"But there had to be something that I didn't see about a young man who would carry a clipping around until he got up the courage to ask me about it." She arranged to take him in.

In class, Mrs. Miller remembers, Sullivan often acted disdainful, and whenever a student does this, she says, "I find myself thinking, 'I don't like you! You don't appreciate what's going on!'"

But she swallowed her resentment, and they got on. At the end of the year Sullivan got the highest possible mark on his Advanced Placement examination. He went on to the University of Chicago, where he now is studying physics.

Recently, recollecting his hours with Mrs. Miller, Sullivan had no inkling of how hard his attacks had been on her. "I like to trap people, so I was trying to get other people to make mistakes—Mrs. Miller, too. It was just a game."

Good teaching is not a ritual but an art. Ultimately men and women teach the way they are most comfortable, and Mrs. Miller's methods were literally instilled in her from birth.

Her mother's parents, home-steaders in Wisconsin, had come from authoritarian Prussia in hope

of finding a place sympathetic to their independent bent. Mrs. Miller's father, Ferdinand Hafemann, arrived from Prussia to visit one of his mother's friends—and stayed on to marry her daughter, Bertha. They settled in Menominee, Mich. Mr. Hafemann, a friendly man, worked in the local paper mill and meat packing company. Bertha Hafemann was a nonconformist who used to embarrass her young daughter until Henrietta learned to appreciate her as a fellow iconoclast. Mrs. Hafemann argued over the Bible so persistently with her minister, Henrietta Miller remembers, that he was driven to desperate shelter: "The Bible is a very complex book. One should not look too deeply into it."

Once Henrietta, age 3, suddenly stood up in church during a long, severe sermon and loudly shrieked, "Mummy, why is that old man standing up there in that barrel and scolding the people? Why are they all so quiet?" Mummy was delighted. She wanted her daughter to notice everything around her and ask, "Why?"

An only child, born when her mother was 40, Henrietta grew up mainly among adults. They gave her an important voice in her own affairs. It was she who chose to attend a public school instead of a private school. And at age 12, when her father died in an automobile accident, her mother insisted she be a partner in family affairs.

In high school an English teacher hired to force Henrietta to accept her answers as final. So she ignored the teacher and became an unshamed problem student. "This makes me sympathetic now with open rebellion," she says. "I always wonder what part I've played in it." Her school principal, however, was sympathetic and became a strong influence in Henrietta's early decision to be a teacher.

Her freshman year at Lawrence College in Appleton was a bitter one. The 14 girls in her dormitory section were a happy band until the sororities pledged all but one—Henrietta—leaving her a lonely castoff. And, unprepared for the completely free study of college, she started getting Cs after her high 90s in high school. Because her mother was paying her college expenses by taking in sewing, Henrietta tried busy sitting and was a flop. She quit when the children made a game of ripping off her glasses.

By this time she had become disenchanted with education and fearful that she was unfit for teaching. She looked for a secre-

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- ½ teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon salt

1. Place 1 cup of the Croutettes in a greased 1½ quart casserole or 8 x 8-inch baking dish; sprinkle with 1 cup of the salmon and 1 cup cheese. Repeat, using remaining Croutettes, salmon and cheese.
2. Beat eggs slightly; stir in milk, Worcestershire sauce and seasonings. Pour over contents of baking dish.
3. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 1 hour or until a knife inserted near center comes out clean. Garnish with parsley, pimiento strips or pepper rings, if desired. Serve immediately.

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'What have I to offer?' What do they need?'

GREAT TEACHER CONTINUED

tarial job in Milwaukee. But fortunately the head of Gimbel's department store, who interviewed her there, saw her as a born teacher and talked her into going back to college. By her senior year she was a superb student.

Offered a scholarship for graduate work at the University of Wisconsin—which probably would have led her eventually into college teaching—she turned it down. "My mother had sacrificed quite enough," she explains. After teaching six years in high schools in Manistique, Mich. and in Milwaukee, she came in 1931 to Senn High School on Chicago's North Side, attending the University of Chicago during the summers for her Ph.D. For a number of reasons, she never finished her thesis. Her mother was dying of cancer over a 10-year period; the professor who was to read the thesis died; her faculty adviser, Paul Douglas, became a U.S. senator, and she married a man named Frank Miller in Chicago (he is now retired).

"Maybe I was really just too lazy to get my doctorate," she says, "but I was getting awfully interested in teaching at Senn." She was also beginning to get recognition for her work there.

Henrietta Miller is an imposing model to any other history teacher. She believes strongly that teachers should not be narrow; she goes to concerts and lectures, reads widely in the humanities, travels and al-

ways knows where the first crocus will appear in nearby Evanston. Last year she was a John Hay Fellow at the University of California and while there prepared a course in Advance Placement in European history. But though her curiosity is wide and her enjoyment great, it is only teaching that makes her eloquent, and she has devoted most of her life to history scholarship so that she can teach more ably. Her methods demand not only up-to-date mastery of her subject but also intense concentration. Not many teachers are willing to attempt anything that requires such single-mindedness. It is always easier to confine a class to carefully prepared material, and that is what most teachers do.

She has the benefit of a good place to teach, too. Senn High is a top big-city school. It has strong momentum from a long tradition of high academic standards and respect for learning. The school, which is located in a distinctly middle-income area, sends 65% of its graduates to four-year colleges, including all Ivy League schools. Another 10% go to junior colleges. City teachers who are looking for a challenge often put their names on waiting lists for assignment to Senn. A trail-breaker such as Mrs. Miller could hardly flourish in any other setting.

Any good teacher, regardless of methods, knows that his profession takes the best he has. After 39 years of teaching, Henrietta Miller, who has no children of her own, still can fret about other people's offspring: "I always meet a first class in September with fear in my heart, wondering what I have to offer, and what they may need."

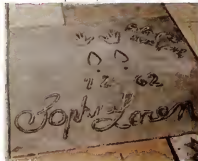
Mrs. Miller beams her approval as a class discussion warms under her insistent prodding. "A teacher," she believes, "is first a very, very careful listener."



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O'Toole as Henry II and Burton as the rebellious Becket

A Bold Film about a Martyr

England's King Henry II, played by Peter O'Toole in the film *Becket*, kneels abjectly at the tomb of the martyred Archbishop Thomas Becket in Canterbury Cathedral. Thus, in this somber medieval setting, begins the strange story of Henry and Becket (portrayed by Richard Burton) that has intrigued scholars for eight centuries.

The actual Becket, son of a Norman landowner, was the friend and creature of Henry until the king capriciously selected him for the highest religious office in the realm and then, as an afterthought, had him ordained a priest. The king craftily planned to use Becket to gain control of the church. Instead, Becket took his priestly vows seriously, became a defender of the faith and led a power struggle against his benefactor until he was murdered by Henry's courtiers. Out of these historic morsels T. S. Eliot wrote his 1935 play, *Murder in the Cathedral*, and Playwright Jean Anouilh freely fashioned a play which was a hit in Paris, London and New York. Now Peter Glenville, who directed the Broadway version of the Anouilh play in 1960, has brought *Becket* to the screen in a lusty, boldly provocative production with vivid arrays of castles, wenchies and derring-do.

Kneeling before the sarcophagus, O'Toole, as King Henry, prepares to submit to the whips of the hooded flagellants as penance for the murder of his erstwhile friend Becket.



BECKET

CONTINUED



In their swashbuckling heyday—before the king propelled his friend into the clergy—Henry and Becket plundered the local supplies of girls and made war on the hapless French. The movie evokes their drunken camaraderie at a lavish, loutish banquet (*left*). In more sober moments, Becket was Henry's shrewdest advisor when it came to dealing with bishops or politicians. But when Henry decided to raise his friend to the archbishopric, Becket had misgivings. "I could not serve both God and you," he warned. Later, the king realized that Becket was right. "Will no one rid me of this meddling priest?" Henry asked in an unguarded moment (*lower left*). His harem took him literally. In such scenes as the one below, in which the king grieves at Becket's tomb, the movie implies a homosexual relationship between the two men.



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A Candid Look at 'Becket' and Myself

by RICHARD BURTON

Richard Burton, star of Becket, is a thoughtful man interested not just in acting but in history, literature, questions of theology. Born in Wales, he has the Welshman's flair for rhetoric. He shows both his thoughtfulness and his eloquence in this article, written especially for LIFE.



In Toronto, where he is playing Hamlet, Burton attends 32nd birthday party for Liz.

Becket has always intrigued and perhaps always eluded the pens of generations of writers. Tennyson and, more recently, T. S. Eliot and Christopher Fry have written their Becket. Jean Anouilh in his version makes no attempt to use a made-up language full of high sentences to suggest a bygone era. He is as colloquial as last week and as coarse, when he wishes to be, as the age of which he writes. The only things medieval in this version, in fact, are the costumes and the scenery. It is obvious that Anouilh means this play-film to take place here and now, and that the theme is now and eternal, local and universal, the old, old theme of the battle between Good and Evil. More specifically it is the battle between flesh and spirit. Even more specifically still and locally: Shall Becket merely be King Henry's archbishop and obey his every whim, or shall he obey his heavenly King, defend the rights of the church under God, and face and fight Henry? He chooses the latter, and—the king being possessed of a powerful, willful, muscular intelligence, and being as ruthless as he is cunning—the choice inevitably means Becket's death.

Possibly there is no more brilliant or epitomical example in all history of the struggle between church and state than in the story of Becket and Henry. Here the essence of that everlasting battle is concentrated in two men. And the fight—in subtler ways in some countries and more blatantly in others—still continues. Should prayer be used in American public schools consisting of mixed racial and religious groups? In my own tiny principality of Wales, and in our lifetime, a little known but vicious battle was fought over the disestablishment of the church. To go from the ant to the bear, in the vast Union of Soviets, that state's attempt to stamp out the church, "the opiate of the people," is a

grim and unrelenting fight in which we are told, hopefully, the church is not merely holding its own but is slowly winning. So it still goes on.

This battle and transformation from the temporal to the spiritual in the man Thomas Becket is as fascinating to the actor as it is to the writer and as difficult to realize. It is comparatively easy to be a red, roaring man. But it is not so easy to change into a little pale man, alone, burned by the fury of his own awful and terrible belief, moving uncertainly toward unattainable and impossible saintliness. Groping quietly—preferably in silence—knowing that words themselves can be seductive and devilish and tempting and dangerous and can betray with their wonderful sweetness—the gifted man of spirit must struggle to resist their lure. He must be taciturn, spare, meager and miserly in his dispensation of beautiful words. This is the writer's and the actor's problem with a part like Becket—to keep him as silent as possible and still interesting.

Almost inevitably in drama and often in the Bible when the doomed and would-be holy man lifts up his tragic voice and tells us with great metaphor and symbol the passion of his torment, we suspect that he's rather enjoying it, that he is playing the wanton with his woes—like Richard II. I think of the Jesuit, Manley Hopkins, who wrestled with what he thought to be the self-indulgent devil of his own poetry and, to our delight, lost out to his superbly eloquent adversary. (In this case we exult in the devil's victory—there is something in this more than natural if philosophy could find it out.)

I think it is essential in any per-

formance (though this is by no means the general opinion among actors) that rapport between players should be absolute. I find it impossible to give my best if I am forced to act with someone I cannot admire and respect. Therefore, and more so than usual because of the nature of this work, it was essential that the man playing Becket and the man playing King Henry should at least get on well with each other. In this case they got on well—I give you my word—they got on very well. They may have failed but they got on very well.

I had first seen Peter O'Toole some years ago playing Edmund in *Lear* at the Bristol Old Vic. I had not heard of him before—I went to Bristol to see another actor—and found myself intrigued with O'Toole. He looked like a beautiful, emaciated secretary bird. He was extremely young and his acting was unformed and half-derivative, but his voice had a crack like a whip. And most important of all, you couldn't take your eyes off him. Here was that rare thing—the mystery of personality in the actor. It was nothing to do with O'Toole's good looks, his blond hair or his commanding height—the same compelling quality was to be found in the late John Garfield who was small and dark. Acting is universally regarded as a craft, and I claim it to be nothing more except in the hands of the odd few men and women who, once or twice in a lifetime, elevate it into something odd and mystical and deeply disturbing. I believe Peter O'Toole to have this strange quality. It will be fascinating to watch him in the years to come



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because, successful as he is, he hasn't really begun yet.

Initially, Peter and I were apprehensive about that spark that was so needed between us if our roles as Becket and the king were to come off properly. For that reason we both decided to drink absolutely nothing for the first few days of the production. We had the reputation—ill deserved, I must say—for terrible wildness. So our colleagues were quite surprised to see us hold nothing but teacups for 10 days. When it became clear that the two of us did have on-camera rapport, I put on my best Irish accent and said, "Peter, me boy, I think we deserve a little snifter." Then we drank for two nights and one day. We appeared quite blasted for the filming of the scene wherein the king puts the ring on Becket's finger, making him chancellor of England. There was no dialogue, so that was no problem. But O'Toole had a dreadful time putting that ring on me. It was rather like trying to thread a needle wearing boxing gloves.

We were lucky that we had in Peter Glenville a director who understood not only the play (he had directed it on Broadway where Sir Laurence Olivier played—at different times, of course—both Henry and Becket) but actors. Glenville had himself been a successful stage actor in England and it showed in his immediate understanding of the actor's problems. I had known Mr. Glenville for some years. He had, in fact, fired me from a play some 15 years ago, and though you may not like it (I was suicidal), you tend to admire the man who fired you. And I must say my firing was done quite well. I had read at least a dozen times before I got the role of Hephastion in a play called *Adventure Story* in which Paul Scofield was doing Alexander the Great. Terence Rattigan had written the play and it was being done at the Lyric Theater in London. For the first two days of rehearsal, nobody told me a thing. I just stood around looking uncomfortable. Finally on the third day, they called me aside and said: "We think you're too young. We need someone more mature and wise." It was pistol time at the head.

Glenville, in the filming of *Becket*, had the remarkable quality (almost essential in good directors) of persuading us, without actually saying so, that we were superbly fitted for our roles—despite the

fact that we knew that he had directed one of the great actors of our time in the same two parts.

And now that we talk of great actors we were additionally lucky in having Sir John Gielgud to play the King of France. He had been my first idol, and to this day he is the only actor I've ever met who makes me feel slightly uncomfortable with awe. His was the first *Hamlet* I ever saw, and I've never seen a *Hamlet* since that I didn't compare with Sir John's and always to the other's detriment. In truth, from my earliest days I modeled my acting on Gielgud's, though, because of our vast differences in temperament, voice and body, nobody has ever remarked on it.

There was an added rare fascination for me in the making of this film in that I was, for about only the fourth time in my somewhat uncertain film career, really trying to be a good film actor. I had previously, for the most part, merely picked up my cheque, bought the latest Jaguar, and raced back to the stage. There were many reasons for this change of ambition. Apart from the challenge of the part itself, I knew I was in big league company when I looked at the cast list—O'Toole, Gielgud, Pamela Brown, Marita Hunt and the formidable Sir Donald Wolfit.

Furthermore I had fallen in love with what Nathan Cohen, the brilliant rip-and-tear, smash-and-bash critic of the *Toronto Daily Star*, has recently called—and I agree with him—Garbo's only rival in the world of films. She well instructed me, I believe and hope. Elizabeth Taylor taught me subtleties in film-making I never knew existed and which, maddeningly, I could have discovered for myself in my previous dozen films or so, had I not the timid arrogance and the reluctantly awed belligerent refusal to learn from great film stars. That is one of the brand marks of the secretly envious stage actor. Among other things, she taught me the value of absolute stillness and that my very penetrating voice need not be pitched louder than a telephone conversation. But chiefly she taught me to regard the making of a film as exciting and as serious as playing Shakespeare on the stage. All this apologia will not, I hope, make people think I consider myself to have succeeded as Becket. What the inscrutable black eye of the camera chooses to reveal of what one has tried to do is as mysterious to me as ever. But all in all, for better or for worse, for bad or for good, Becket was a good experience. I only hope that it shows.

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package. Keller, who owns a wax studio, was getting up a collection to show at the New York World's Fair. This particular creation had to look its best; not one of its 60,000 hairs could be mussed. Happily, he had a photo for Vitello to go by—so no problem here, either. The charge for Keller's haircut was \$2.50, for the waxwork, \$4—but hardly too much for a head of state.



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